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THE WAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

Of the dust he treads man came to be,
And he calls his mother Earth,
But I am born of the wind and sea,
With the moon to watch my birth.
He may have his home where I cannot come,
But the whole wide main is mine;
I toss and roll by the southern pole
And back to the burning line.
Like a giant band the icebergs stand
To guard the Arctic's portals,
But I glide by their feet and flow till I beat
'Gainst a shore never trod by mortals.
I cool my brow 'mid the polar snow,
And backward then I shiver,
Kissing the mouth as I wander south
Of many a crystal river.

On the quiet bay I love to play
When the tired wind gently lingers,
And its tangled mass of wild sea-grass
I comb with my salty fingers.
Sunny highlands, and tropic islands
Wearing the crowns of palms,
I sparkle by till I almost die
In the regions of the calms.
Those fervid skies, with their burning eyes,
I moan and languish under,
Till I hear afar a noise like War
Marching in flame and thunder.
Then the wild gull shrieks and her nest she seeks,
The frightened air grows hotter,
And the Hurricane in his might again
Comes rushing over the water.
With the fiery lightning his forehead bright'ning,
And his cloudy banners o'er him,
In his terrible wrath he sweeps on his path,
Driving the sea before him!
In his arms so strong he bears me along,
But I break from his rude embrace,
And rise like a wall, and totter and fall,
And fling my foam in his face.

Oft o'er my sight streams a signal light,
And I hear, with the joy of a demon,
The solemn boom roll deep through the gloom
From the gun of the perishing seaman.
I leap on the deck of the drifting wreck,
And drag him into the water,—
What do I care for his mother's prayer,
Or the tears of his wife, or daughter?
His bones shall whiten where diamonds brighten
The lower ocean's floor,
And the voice of the surge shall be his dirge,
Sounding forevermore.

Through secret straits to the coral gates
Of the mermaid's palace I roam,
And gather bright shells from the ocean-dells
To deck her watery home.
With my white wet hands I mould the sands
To islands and harbor-bars;
I take my hue from the upper blue,
And double the number of stars.
When that lady of grace—the moon—her sweet face
Would behold she gazes on me,
And the sun every day when clouds are away
On my bosom his image can see.
I am the child of the breezes wild,
The waves of the air—and brother am I
To the shining crowds of flying clouds
That I call the waves of the sky.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

Mr. Chester and Doris did not come as was expected, and Mr. Carmichael passed a restless night. Aunt Lotty thinks it was on account of the disappointment, for he was so eager about the trains, and even insisted on the one that arrived at midnight being met.

My own opinion is that there is something on his mind, and I can't help thinking that he's afraid of what may be in the packet. Something about himself, I suppose; for I am convinced that he opened the one that Doris had, and took therefrom his letter to his sister. And he used Doris's seal to seal it up again. That seal was never lost! Oh dear! how suspicious I am growing, and what a bad opinion I have of people! Can I, too, be growing deceitful and insincere, and so judging others by myself? No; I don't think that I am. Mr. Carmichael has deceived me more than once, therefore I am justified in doubting him. I can put a great amount of faith in people before I find them out, but I can't afterwards. Is that un-Christian, I wonder? I think not, and I do not feel uncharitable when I say, that I believe Mr. Carmichael removed that letter from Doris's pocket, or perhaps he did not find it, and fears it is in the one entrusted to Mr. Chester.

N. B. I am writing early in the morning, as it is a miserable day and I cannot go out. The beautiful hoar frost vanished yesterday, and a thaw set in, and now a drizzling rain, half-sleet, has begun to fall. Well, one can't have unmixed good, either in the weather or in life—

Into each life some rain must fall.

Life would not be life without it; there must be some contrast, some evil, to make the good doubly precious. Rain is as necessary as sunshine to the earth, sorrow as joy to the soul of man. We are always thinking we can settle everything better ourselves than it is settled for us. I wonder if we could, or whether we should not find ourselves something in the case of Phaeton, if we should have an opportunity of trying the experiment.

I keep looking out of the window to see whether the boy is bringing the letter-bag. I can't settle to anything until the letters come. I'm rather glad the post only comes in once a day at Craythorpe.

* * * * * *

The letters have arrived. There is one for Mr. Carmichael from Mr. Chester. One from Doris for myself. A very short note. She will be at Green Oake this evening. She wonders if I shall be surprised at all she has to tell me. No, I shall not. I have looked forward to it for so long that I am quite prepared.

It is the ending of my story. When the wedding is over, and my characters are all disposed of, I shall have to begin a fresh tale, for I don't like a novel carried on after a wedding; it does not seem according to rule. Still there are exceptions.

Mr. Carmichael is decidedly better since he received his letter; the doctor says he may get up for a little towards evening, so he will be able to receive Mr. Chester. I wonder what Mr. Lynn will think of Doris's engagement? How pleased Aunt Lotty will be—and Mr. Carmichael? *He* won't like it; however he is but a secondary person now. There is Aunt Lotty calling to me. How unsettled I feel this morning; I can do nothing but jot down unconnected sentences in my diary. What can Aunt Lotty want?

* * * * *

It was not Aunt Lotty that wanted me, but Mr. Carmichael.

"What had Doris said to me?"

"Nothing especial. Merely that she would be at home this evening."

"Oh—" a pause; "does she say anything about the lost document?"

"No."

"You can read Mr. Chester's letter, Joyce."

This was an unwonted condescension on Mr. Carmichael's part, and I wondered what undercurrent had brought it about, for I knew there must be some reason for it. So I took Mr. Chester's note.

He had prevailed upon Doris to return. He had had some difficulty at first, but had represented to her strongly that it was the right thing to do, and would be in accordance with her mother's wishes. Therefore she had consented, and he would bring her to Green Oake to-day. He must start again for Rome almost immediately, and wished to have an interview with Mr. Lynn, so he should stay at Craythorpe until the end of the week.

"I wonder," I said, "that he says nothing of the document; he seemed to think it would be of great importance in impressing Doris with the necessity of returning."

Mr. Carmichael looked at me keenly. Why was he so anxious about this paper? I looked at the letter again.

"Do you think," asked Mr. Carmichael, "that, though he makes no mention of this paper, it has been the means of inducing Doris to return to me?"

Why did he ask my opinion? What was my opinion worth in comparison what that of a man of Mr. Carmichael's acuteness? It must be his illness that had rendered him so nervous and willing to lean upon a weaker judgment. I hesitated what to reply. How could I say "Yes" or "No," though "No" was my own conviction? And Mr. Carmichael still awaited my answer. Suddenly I remembered Doris's letter, there was a message in it for her uncle. I drew it from my pocket and glanced over it. There was nothing to give any clue to this message, but I felt that had there been any additional cause for disliking Mr. Carmichael, Doris would never have written it. Therefore I replied at once,

"No, I think the document is not found."

Mr. Carmichael's countenance, which was already less clouded than it had been, grew positively sunshiny.

"You are a sensible girl, Joyce. I think the document is lost."

Not that it much mattered now what there was in it to Mr. Carmichael's disadvantage, since Doris would not be much longer under his roof. And I wondered if Mr. Carmichael had arrived at another conclusion from his letter. I suppose not, though I could have gathered it from Mr. Chester's letter as easily as I did from Doris's. But then women do draw conclusions much more readily and with less evidence than men, as I had even now an opportunity of testifying. And what is more, their perceptions are generally correct, even though the evidence seems against them. They have a sublime illogical way of dispersing surroundings and ambiguities, and walking straight through a mass of plausible arguments and statements, and arriving by a short cut at the truth. I think Mr. Carmichael had wisdom enough to allow this qualification to women in general, though I think he considered Aunt Lotty as an exception to the rule. At any rate, he seemed quite to rely on my decision, and was altogether in a very good humor. Aunt Lotty was delighted with the improvement in his health and spirits.

"You see, dear, good news is the best medicine after all, and his mind's at rest about Doris now. He has been terribly harassed about her, and no wonder. I shall be more than half inclined to scold her when she comes for causing us all so much anxiety."

But, of course, when Doris did come, all Aunt Lotty's anger vanished, and the prodigal was not welcomed with greater rejoicings than was Doris at Green Oake. Mr. Carmichael was a little constrained in his manner both to Doris and Mr. Chester, but it wore off after he had contrived to edge in the question that was still to a certain extent undecided.

"Did you find the document useful in backing up your arguments?" asked Mr. Carmichael, with apparent carelessness.

But I, being an interested observer, noted the eager look in his eye, and the anxiety with which he awaited Mr. Chester's reply. And I knew that he was determined to know the worst at once, whatever that might be.

"I am sorry to say," returned Mr. Chester, "that the document must have been lost on my journey. If I had not induced Doris to come back to Craythorpe without it, I should never have forgiven myself for being so careless. But, great as is the loss in one point of view, I presume that Mr. Lynn's packet contains the same information. At least, Mrs. Carmichael told me that she was preparing a similar document to place in Doris's own hands."

Mr. Carmichael, in a less constrained tone, answered:—

"Doubtless, and it will be a great comfort to Doris to read her mother's sorrowful story."

For, of course, Doris knew no particulars; she at present was merely acquainted with the fact that, after a separation of more than eighteen years, she was restored to her father through her mother's death.

From time to time I looked at Mr. Chester to see whether he still felt any annoyance at my foolishness when he was at Green Oake the other day. He looked very grave, and when I spoke to him he did not answer as he used to do. There was something very cold and constrained in his manner—no wonder. There was a ring at the hall-door.

"It will be Mr. Lynn," said Aunt Lotty.

It was Mr. Lynn, but he did not come into the drawing-room.

Doris sprang up and seized Mr. Chester by the arm; she was trembling very much.

"My mother's husband! Oh, Gabriel!"

"Your father, Doris."

"It is so strange," she said; "I cannot believe it."

Mr. Lynn had gone into Mr. Carmichael's study; he wished to see Doris alone. And Doris went to him.

* * * * * *

When Doris came to the little porch-room I saw that she had been crying. She sat down by me, and putting her arms round me, leaned her head upon my shoulder, but it was some time before she spoke. Then she said:

"My poor, poor mother."

She could not get that thought out of her head.

"And your father, Doris?"

"Yes, he is to be pitied, too; he has suffered much. But men cannot suffer as women do; they have more to think of, more to take interest in; they go out into the world, and it is so large a field that they can lose themselves in it, and forget partially, if not wholly, their troubles; but a woman stays quietly at home, within a narrow circle, and cannot so easily withdraw herself from herself. She has to go on patiently bearing her sorrow, until it wears itself out or wears her out. She can do nothing but wait quietly until the end comes. Oh, Joyce, how my mother must have grieved, and I have never comforted her!"

"But you could not, Doris; you did not know her trouble."

"Why did she not tell me? I could, perhaps, have helped her to bear it."

"No, Doris," said I, soothingly, "there are some griefs that each must bear alone. And this was one. Your mother was wiser than you."

"Mr. Lynn—I cannot quite call him father yet, it seems all like a dream—has been asking me so much about her, making me tell him every particular of her life and of her death. He thinks of her just as he had but parted with her yesterday, although it is almost nineteen years since they said good-bye to one another. He told me all about that parting, Joyce."

"But how was it that he was so long away? How was it that he was supposed to be murdered?"

"He was left for murdered on the shore, but there happened to be a vessel anchoring in the bay from which a boat had been put off to get water. The sailors found Mr. Lynn lying on the beach, still alive, but insensible, so they took him off to the ship. It was some days before he recovered his consciousness entirely, and then he found himself in a sailing-vessel far away at sea. After many misadventures he at length reached England, where he took the first ship bound for Australia. But he was too late. In the meantime my mother had sailed in the Albatros!"

And Doris, shuddering, crept closer to me.

"Joyce, I wonder why these things are permitted. What had my mother done that such a life of suffering should be hers? They say that our lots on earth are tolerably equal, if one thing is balanced against another. I don't believe it; our lots are not equal."

I did not exactly know how to reply; it was scarcely the time to enter into an argument upon the subject; besides I was not quite sure which side I should take myself. Therefore, I only said:

"It is all over now, Doris; she is at peace, her troubles are ended, and the question that you have asked is answered to her now. In the end we shall doubtless know the meaning and the purpose of much that seems mysterious now."

And then we spoke of Mr. Lynn again.

"He is so kind, so thoughtful, Joyce," said Doris; "but I am not going to Lynncourt just yet. I shall go every day and get accustomed to it first; it would be such a sudden change for poor Doris Gresford—I'm glad my name isn't really Carmichael," she put in parenthetically; "such a sudden change—to become all at once mistress of a grand house like Lynncourt! I shall stay with you a little longer, Joyce, till it is all made known that I am Mr. Lynn's daughter."

"And then you will go to Lynncourt and stay until—"

"Until what?" asked Doris, looking up at me.

I looked down at her.

"Tell me," I said.

"Until I marry Gabriel," answered Doris, calmly. "Are you surprised, Joyce?"

"Not in the least; I have always expected it."

"I have not," returned Doris; "I had not the slightest idea that Gabriel cared for me."

"Nor that you cared for him?" I asked in a half jesting tone, for I was almost afraid of betraying myself.

"No," replied Doris, very seriously, "and I'm not quite sure that I do now."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Where men accomplish an object that they have zealously and perseveringly worked for, it often happens that the satisfaction they anticipated is by no means realized when the result is gained.

This depends on several causes; either they find that the object has not been worth the pains bestowed upon it, or they are too worn out with all their watching and waiting thoroughly to enjoy the fruit of their labors, or it may be that the object does not comprehend in its final results all the advantages that at first sight appeared to belong to it.

Mr. Carmichael had accomplished his object, but he experienced little or no satisfaction. The gleam of triumph that had brightened his countenance during its prosecution had faded away and had given place to a restless, anxious look. His eye nervously glanced round as though he thought that every one was observing him. But fears on that point were wholly superfluous; each one was too much engrossed with his or her own thoughts to bestow much attention upon what might be passing in another's mind.

Mr. Carmichael's niece was an heiress, Lynncourt would come into her possession, and John Gresford's son would lose his inheritance. It would even pass out of John Gresford's own hands, through his, Mr. Carmichael's, niece. Yes, this was all accomplished. Everything had gone smoothly, though once or twice he certainly had been in danger of failing in his plans. And Mr. Carmichael tried to put the thought of his danger far from him. It was over now, and he rubbed his hands feebly, very feebly, for he was still weak; the attack had left him by no means himself, and he started at every sound. There was a vague, uncomfortable sensation in his mind, too, that he could not shake off. Pshaw! he should feel differently when this illness had passed off. If he could get out into the fresh air this restlessness would vanish. Why did people look at him as though they wished to question him? He was not bound to answer. What a coward he was! Of what was he afraid? The proofs were all clear. There was no doubt upon the subject. Mr. Gresford Lynn had owned his daughter—and his son was disinherited. Mr. Carmichael had accomplished what he sought. He had had his revenge. And what was it worth? Had he benefited himself? No. Had he annoyed Mr. Lynn? No.

Mr. Lynn cared nothing for the property. Mr. Lynn's feeling was one of absorbing thankfulness at having found his daughter: the child of his beloved wife, the solace of her years of supposed widowhood, the consolation of her last anguish-stricken days. The loss of the property was gain to him since he had found his child. He scarce could express his gratitude to Mr. Carmichael, and the old barrier that had existed between the two men for more than twenty years was broken down. They were brothers-in-law. They had an interest in common. Mr. Lynn had forgotten and forgiven; yet, more than forgiven, he had blessed his enemy. And Mr. Carmichael? No, he had not forgotten, he seemed to have only brought the past nearer to him; it clung to him and would not leave him. And for forgiveness, what had he to forgive? He almost wished that he had kept his sister's secret. He was by no means sure that he was glad of his success. He had benefited Mr. Lynn. He had benefited Mr. Chester. He had *not* benefited himself.

Mr Chester was going to marry Doris. Aunt Lotty's prognostications had proved correct. Mr. Lynn was pleased with him, and he had been a friend to his wife. And Mr. Chester was staying at Lynncourt, for Mr. Lynn was eager to obtain as much information as possible concerning his wife's earlier days in the South. Aunt Lotty was in extreme delight, and Joyce was as usual the recipient of her confidences.

"You see, dear," said she, "how wonderfully things turn out for the best. I felt sure that Mr. Lynn would like Mr. Chester if he could only see him; it's just what I always said. Ah! if my poor sister-in-law were alive, how happy she would be! I wonder if people in heaven know what's going on upon earth."

"I don't know," replied Joyce, absently.

"Dear me! no, of course, how should one know?" responded Aunt Lotty, hastily. "I hope it was not an irreverent thought, but one can't help speculating a little sometimes, and wondering if people do know what's going on—angels I mean, not people, of course; for they're not people, but something else. I don't know if they're even angels," and Aunt Lotty stopped in bewilderment. "But whatever they are," she went on, "one can't help thinking of these things. I remember thinking, when the old rector died, what a comfort it would be to him if he could only see his funeral. All the people in the village attended, and there was not a house but had the shutters closed. But still, perhaps, people mightn't care for these things after death."

And again Joyce replied, "I don't know."

"But why should I be talking of deaths and funerals with this wedding in my head, I can't imagine. They say to dream of a funeral is a sure sign of a wedding, and I suppose I am half dreaming now, or else I shouldn't be thinking of such strange things." And Aunt Lotty opened her eyes wide, as if to assure herself of the fact that she was really awake. "If any one could write a story," she continued, "what a story this would make! And the wedding would be such a nice ending. Of course, they'll walk to the church, it's so near the house. And the bridesmaids—but, Joyce dear, I wonder who the others will be;" and, overcome by the difficulty, Aunt Lotty paused abruptly. And Joyce could not help her out of it.

"There's Mr. Carmichael's bell," resumed Aunt Lotty, "I must go. Joyce, dear, I'm not quite easy about Mr. Carmichael; he's by no means himself again. All this worry and excitement has been too much for him. I've felt it myself, and what must he have done, as his sister's nearest to him than she is to me? And Doris is his own niece. Not but that he's partial to you, Joyce, and thinks a good deal of your sense, and I'm thankful he does, as you're my niece. It makes things pleasant, and you're a good girl, Joyce, and a great comfort."

And Aunt Lotty went away.

Joyce sat down before a large embroidery frame and tried to work; but after taking one or two stitches, she rose and walked up and down the room; then, stopping at the window, she looked out over the garden from which the snow had half-melted, so that the lawn looked like white and green patchwork. The garden gate swung on its hinges, and Mr. Chester and Doris appeared. And Joyce retreated to the embroidery frame, and was bending over it when Mr. Chester entered the room. She had not seen him alone since the day that he called on his way to Linton.

He went to the fire-place, and stood leaning against it; but he seemed to have no inclination to enter into conversation. Joyce broke the silence by asking:

"Have you been a long walk, Mr. Chester?"

"I have been looking at Doris's favorite view, now that it is white with snow," he returned.

"It must look very different from the sketch you took."

"Very, and I have been looking at it with very different feelings from those that then possessed me, Miss Dormer. It is strange how a few months will work quite a revolution in one's life and actions. How much has passed since, that none of us could expect; or, at least, none excepting Mr. Carmichael. He knew of all this at that time, though why the revelation was not made sooner I cannot imagine."

"Perhaps Mr. Carmichael had not all his proofs then."

"Mr. Carmichael is impenetrable," returned Mr. Chester. "I own he baffles me."

"Yes?" rejoined Joyce interrogatively.

"Miss Dormer," said Mr. Chester very gravely, after a short pause, "I asked you a question once, and I am going to ask it again now."

Joyce looked up. "Well?" she said.

"Do you distrust Mr. Carmichael still?"

Joyce hesitated.

"Remember your opinion is as safe with me now as it was then. Have late events inspired you with more confidence?"

"They have not," replied Joyce. "I am sorry to say that I distrust him still. I have perhaps no right to say this, but I cannot help feeling that there is something kept back, something that he fears. I dare scarcely even shape my floating ideas into sober thoughts, much less into words. I hardly know what I think, but I regret deeply that Doris's packet is lost."

"You cannot regret it so much as I do, Miss Dormer. There is however one faint hope of its recovery, but so faint that I don't look forward to it. And now that Doris is quite reconciled to going to Lynncourt, it is not perhaps of so much importance; still I hope it may be found."

"Mr. Carmichael does *not*."

"Miss Dormer."

"Mr. Carmichael is greatly relieved by the loss of that packet," continued Joyce. "Perhaps I ought not to mention this, but you are now so intimately concerned in everything affecting Doris, that I do not feel as if I could let you go without telling you of my suspicion, and I am going to ask you something. If this packet should be found, and if, as I believe, it contains anything to Mr. Carmichael's discredit, will you, for my aunt's sake, use your influence that he may be leniently dealt with?"

Mr. Chester had quitted the fire-place, and seated himself by the embroidery frame. As Joyce spoke he drew nearer, and looked at her earnestly and wonderingly.

"What do you suspect, Miss Dormer?"

"That, I dare not hint beyond what I have said," returned Joyce. "But will you promise what I have asked, for my aunt's sake? What would become of poor Aunt Lotty if her belief in Mr. Carmichael were shaken?"

"I do promise you, Miss Dormer. If the packet should be found, Doris will be the first to read it, and I think I may say that you will be the second, and whatever you feel right to advise Doris with regard to its contents I shall take as my guide in the matter."

Then he did not quite despise her after her foolish outbreak. She felt almost grateful to him, as though she wished to thank him for not judging her harshly. However, her wishes did not shape themselves into words; indeed she might have found it difficult to express her feelings so that he would have understood her, therefore she wisely left the subject alone.

"If you find the packet, will you send it to Lynncourt and not to Green Oake?" she said.

And again Mr. Chester gazed at her inquisitively.

"Certainly; but, Miss Dormer—"

"No," she said, interrupting him, "you must trust me implicitly. Believe, that on Doris's account I will, as I once promised before, act to the best of my ability and my conscience. Will you not trust me?"

And she returned his steady gaze.

"I will," he replied: "but I shall nevertheless ask you one more question, and I give you my word that your answer shall be safe with me. Do you think that Mr. Carmichael removed any paper or papers from Mr. Lynn's packet?"

Joyce did think so, but the question had never been so startlingly brought before her, never made so real, so tangible. She was almost afraid of hearing herself acknowledge it. But Mr. Chester had no intention of being left without an answer.

"Mr. Carmichael is a bold man," said he, "and a skillful one."

"He was," answered Joyce, "but he is altered by this illness; he is by no means the same man."

"No, he is a good deal shaken. My opinion is that he's just the sort of person to go all at once, and I should greatly fear any return of this seizure."

"Poor Aunt Lotty," said Joyce musingly.

Mr. Chester shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you imagine your aunt's life to be a particularly happy one?" he asked.

"I think she has a belief in it," returned Joyce.

"Rather a left-handed way of answering a question," said he.

"I think then that Aunt Lotty does consider it a happy one. She regards Mr. Carmichael as a demigod, and I should be sorry to see him dismounted from the pedestal on which she has placed him. I believe, if anything should happen, that is, if he should die, Aunt Lotty would sincerely mourn for him as an irreparable loss."

"I don't doubt it, Miss Dormer; and, as far as I am concerned, her faith in him shall never be shaken; so you may safely answer my question, especially as I know perfectly what your reply will be."

"What use then will there be in my answering it?"

"A form of speech for my own satisfaction," returned Mr. Chester. "I wish to hear in so many words that there is at least one point upon which Miss Dormer and I agree."

And Joyce replied, "I do think that Mr. Carmichael abstracted from that packet some paper or papers prejudicial to himself."

"When?"

"Soon after Doris's arrival at Green Oake."

"And this was why you refused to take charge of the packet for me?"

"Yes; but, Mr. Chester, you must ask me no more questions. It is my turn to ask some now."

"I shall be happy to answer them." Mr. Chester spoke listlessly, and leaned back in his chair, with his eyes half-closed. He did not seem to be thinking of what he was saying, but rather to be indulging in a reverie, that had nothing whatever to do with the present.

Joyce perceived this at once, and her courage almost failed her. Mr. Chester evidently took little interest in anything she might have to say. Still she had felt so vexed, so uncomfortable, during the last few days, that she felt she must make an effort, whatever it might cost her, to clear herself from the wrong impression that Mr. Chester must have formed of her. And yet why need she care what he thought of her? Was it of any importance? But she did so wish to be judged rightly.

Judged rightly! Who does not wish to be judged rightly? And who does not signally fail in endeavoring to be so? Few will take a man's evidence of himself, they prefer their own preconceived opinion. Therefore, as a general rule, explanations go for nothing or worse than nothing; one must sit down quietly and patiently bear blame for motives wrongly imputed. True, it is hard to suffer, and perhaps one does not derive a superabundance of consolation from the fact that there are hundreds and thousands suffering in like manner. Still, it is a sort of profit and loss arrangement in moral economics that must suffice to satisfy us.

But Joyce felt it unsatisfying, so she went blunderingly into what she hoped might turn out a satisfactory explanation of the hair-burning 'a few nights since.

"I am afraid you think me hasty and passionate, Mr. Chester."

"That is an affirmation, not a question," he replied.

"Then do you think me passionate?"

"Why do you wish to know?" returned Mr. Chester, raising himself a little and looking full at Joyce.

"That is no answer, but a question also," she said. "I must ask again, do you think me passionate?"

"Not very," he answered, quietly.

"I thought so," said Joyce, a little sadly; "but I'm not passionate in one way, Mr. Chester. I don't feel angry. I didn't feel angry the other night."

"When?" asked Mr. Chester.

Joyce thought he might have understood when.

"The night you were here on your way to Linton."

"At what particular period, Miss Dormer?"

And again Joyce felt that he might have known without asking.

"After you had untwisted Doris's talisman," said Joyce, still hesitating to come to the point.

"Oh! when you threw the hair into the fire."

"Yes."

"Why did you throw it into the fire if you did not feel angry?" inquired Mr. Chester.

This was what Joyce's explanation brought her to. She could not tell him why, though she knew it well enough. So she parried the attack.

"The questioning is to be on my side, Mr. Chester."

"But how can I answer your questions without obtaining some information on the point?"

"Did you think me angry?"

"Well, Miss Dormer, I must candidly confess that I did."

"I was not."

"How am I to believe it?"

"I don't know," returned Joyce; "there is only my word to rely upon."

"I think, perhaps, I may take your word, that is, if you can assure me that you are perfectly truthful."

"I can; I am," said Joyce, eagerly, her face brightening; then she stopped; a sorrowful shade passed into her eyes; "at least," she added, slowly, "I try to be—but no one is perfect."

"What an old axiom our questioning has ended in. We are none of us perfect! I did not know you set up for perfection, Miss Dormer."

"I think I shall leave off asking questions, or trying to explain anything," said Joyce.

"It is the wisest course you can pursue," replied Mr. Chester, as he leaned back again, and gazed at Joyce through his half-closed eyelids.

Joyce, bending over the embroidery frame, looked up for a moment, and her eyes met not only Mr. Chester's but another pair that looked down from behind Mr. Chester's chair. Doris, unperceived by both, had stolen softly into the room.

"Gabriel," said she, "when will you and Joyce leave off quarrelling? It seems to me that the more I wish you to like one another the more perverse you grow upon the point."

"We are not quarrelling," responded Mr. Chester, "we were coming to explanations."

"Worse and worse; every one knows the result of explanations."

"But Miss Dormer's explanation has had no result."

"Of course not. Have you lost the talisman, Gabriel?" asked Doris, suddenly.

Mr. Chester made no reply, and Joyce began working diligently. Doris looked from one to the other.

"Oh dear," said Doris, "I shall have to give up being superstitious and having faith in charms."

"You see," replied Mr. Chester, "that we are not living in the days of witchcraft."

And Joyce was glad that nothing more was said upon the subject. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Female Sensitiveness.

"I don't wonder," says a lady correspondent of the California Mercury, "that some women are old maids, they are so wonderfully squeamish and particular that the very proximity of anything masculine makes them nervous. One of this sort lately took passage on one of the river steamers for Sacramento. I will tell you the story as it was told to me. The young lady desired a state-room for herself, but, unfortunately, they were all taken. She was so pertinacious in her desires, however, that the gentlemanly clerk of the boat gallantly concluded to give up his for her use. On being conducted to it, she started back in utter horror; the trunk, coats, boots, and *et ceteras* of the masculine occupant so shocked the poor creature!

"'Oh, I never could sleep here unless these things are removed.'

"Off went the chambermaid to the clerk.

"'Oh, yes—take 'em out, of course.'

"The chambermaid proceeded to do so, but by accident left a pair of pantaloons hanging behind the door. The lady was again summoned, and entered the state-room without perceiving them, and the chambermaid shut the door. No sooner had she done so than she heard a scream, and turning about, saw the lady emerging from the room in great agitation.

"'Oh! take them out—take them out!' she exclaimed, 'I cannot sleep in that place with those things hanging there!'

"The chambermaid, who was almost bursting with suppressed laughter, removed the last vestige of masculine apparel, when the delicate and sensitive young lady took possession, 'turned in,' and no doubt slept without even dreaming of 'those things.'"

☞ Wendell Phillips said in his recent speech in New York that Gen. Grant is "a half and half man with no ideas," and that a "true Yankee carries twice as much brains as other men." We reply, that when we were perishing for the want of a great general we could not find him in New England—and that we did find him in this "half and half man with no ideas." And we found him moreover in the middle states, where we also found Sherman, and Sheridan, and Meade, and Farragut. And as to "ideas," the very Anti Slavery idea itself originated in Pennsylvania. Benj. Lundy went on to New England for the express purpose of converting Garrison—and before Lundy there had been Benezet, and Lay, and Woolman.

☞ There was a "Topsy" recently in the police court in Detroit, in the shape of a colored girl who was called to take the witness stand. She surveyed the witness box a few moments, and after mounting the highest portion of it that she could find, directed the court to "Go ahead wid de sale," evidently supposing that she was to be sold.

☞ Horace Greeley once recommended as a matter of economy that man should go without drawers.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in THE POST of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "JOYCE DORMER'S STORY," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

We call attention to the advertisement of this Company. We have reason to believe that those who patronize it will be pleased with both the prices and qualities of their teas. They do a very large business—having made one purchase, as we understand, the other day, of teas to the amount of $400,000. By the system of clubbing, as explained in the advertisement, it is possible to try their teas without any one individual risking a great deal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COMING WONDERS EXPECTED BETWEEN 1867 AND 1875. With 18 full-page illustrations. By the Rev. M. BAXTER, author of "The Coming Battle" and "Louis Napoleon." Published by J. S. Claxton, Phila. Louis Napoleon is considered by Mr. Baxter to be the Apollyon of Scripture prophecy, and certainly the two names, Napoleon and Apollyon, do sound pretty near alike. A great number of quotations from distinguished writers are brought to prove that, according to the Prophecies, the final seven years, and the ascension of the 144,000 translated Christians, are near at hand.

SYBIL'S SECOND LOVE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "Beatrice," "Nathalie," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut street, Phila.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR AND CULTIVATION OF THE BEET. By E. B. GRANT. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. Author's American Edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. By W. M. THACKERAY. Published by M. Doolady, New York. This is what is called a diamond edition. We are sorry to see, however, diamond editions of prose works. Small type does much better for the short and open lines of poetry than for prose. Besides, poetry is generally read much more slowly than prose—especially the prose of a novel—and therefore the eye is not so much injured by the small type. We fear these diamond editions of Dickens, Thackeray, &c., will do a world of mischief, and we caution sensible people to avoid them.

PEACE AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN J. WHITE. The principal poem in this volume, that on Peace, is a long, well versified poem in the Spenserian stanza, filling about half the book. There are also miscellaneous poems, entitled "Elegy on the Loss of a Sister," "The Triumph of Patience," "Silent Worship," "War," &c. The volume is beautifully printed on cream-colored paper, and, as a specimen of book-making, reflects credit upon the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

SHAKINGS. ETCHINGS FROM THE NAVAL ACADEMY. By a Member of the Class of 1867. By PARK BENJAMIN, Midshipman U. S. Navy. A set of humorous engravings illustrating the joys and sorrows of a Midshipman's life at the Naval Academy. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, 1214 Chestnut street, Philada.

SERPENTS IN THE DOVE'S NEST. Two Essays. 1. Fashionable Murder; and 2. The Cloud with a Dark Lining. By Rev. J. TODD. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. S. Claxton, Phila.

NO EUROPEAN WAR FOR THE PRESENT.—LONDON, May 9—Evening.—The Peace Conference held its second session to-day. The following basis of the deliberations of the conference was agreed upon:—

First. The territory of Luxembourg to remain in possession of the King of Holland as Grand Duke.

Second. The neutralization of the Grand Duchy is to be guarantied by all the European powers participating in the conference.

Third. The fortress of Luxembourg to be razed.

LONDON, May 10.—Earl Derby stated in Parliament last night, that he considered the preservation of the peace of Europe no longer a question of doubt.

So "the great war" is postponed for the present—we trust forever.

☞ The plan of a bridge from Calais to Dover, connecting England and France, is said to have been drawn by a French engineer. The cost of its construction is estimated at $80,000,000, and it will be built on piers protected against the waves by buffers thirty feet thick. The plan, gigantic as it is, is held not to be impossible of execution.

☞ At New Albany, Indiana, on the 3rd inst., a man applied for a divorce, on the ground of an obstinate and incurable propensity to steal on the part of the wife. The Justice refused to grant the divorce.

☞ A freedman, named Lenkhorn, is running, in Fluvanna county, Virginia, for delegate to the State Convention. He announced himself recently as being in favor of "low tariff, no taxes, more money to be sent South, and especially that the price of whiskey should be put down."

☞ Suits for breach of promise of marriage are not common in France, as the judges always sensibly rule that, up to the last moment, the parties should be free to "change their minds," and so do not decree damages except where deception has been used.

The Home of Thomas Sully.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On Fifth street, in the very heart of the business life, activity and modern improvement of Philadelphia, the passer-by may note a fine large mansion, whose carved wood work, quaint steps, and brass brightly burnished, tell an unmistakable story of age. A stranger might pass it by unheeded, but for the name whose record is too honorable to be soon forgotten. It is the home of Thomas Sully, whose career as the first portrait painter of his day has been as long as it is brilliant. I cherish among my earliest recollections the delight felt when a child (and I was passionately fond of pictures) if by any chance I found in old annuals a face, whether of child or woman, that bore the ennobled name of Sully, as it was almost sure to do if it gave me unusual pleasure. Yet I was hardly prepared to find in my favorite artist so genial, kindly and entertaining a companion, or for an interview so unreserved and pleasant. We found him in an up-stairs room adjoining his studio, (the walls of the latter being covered with groups and portraits,) one of those spacious old-fashioned rooms whose very walls seem hung with legends, and through whose doors a thoughtful guest can hardly enter without vague mental inquiries and conjectures as to those to whom they were once familiar, and by whom they will be known no more. His life-long servants, canvas, easel, colors and brush, were before him. On the first, though unfinished, a face was beginning to wear a pleasant expression. "This," said the artist, pointing to a small picture, "is a favorite—there are four paintings in the world which cannot be surpassed, 'The Descent from the Cross,' by Rubens; 'The Ascension,' by Raffaelle; this 'Communion of St. Jerome,' by Dominichino, and Correglo's group of our Saviour, his mother, Elizabeth and Jerome—the name I cannot recall, but it is well known." The central painting in this studio is a large life-size portrait of the artist's wife, by whose side is a favorite dog. The sight of this faithful animal gave rise to some incidents of their attachment and intelligence. One had been told by John Potter, brother-in-law of Commodore Stockton, "a man who never told anything that was not strictly true." He had a dog, before whom the life of no fowl was safe; but as his turkeys were one evening scattered and exposed, he thought they might as well die while an effort was being made to save them as from neglect. Calling this dog to him, he told him very decidedly he wished him to bring them home, but not to hurt one of them. After some time the dog returned with all but one. His master again fixed his eye on him and told him he must bring the last one too, and after another journey he did so. "Now if that was not intelligence, I should like to know what is?" Speaking of Washington Irving, Mr. Sully remarked: "I knew him well, and mourned for him as a brother. As we rode out in the Highlands, he was singing that child rhyme,

"'The little dog laughed to see such sport,' &c.

You may be sure no harsh, rough man would have amused himself so!" Stopping before an excellent portrait of Jackson he said, "I am no politician, but after the General saved New Orleans I was so grateful I asked him to let me paint his portrait. One day while it was on my easel a terrible storm came up. Oh, it was miserable! I would not have turned a dog out on such a day. What was my astonishment when Jackson made his appearance. '*I never break an engagement*,' he said. Now that was all the more characteristic of the man as he was sitting to oblige me." Madison is also here, and just opposite Mrs. Farren the actress, with powdered hair. In an old annual Mr. Sully showed us the lovely face of a child. "That," he said, "I painted, but the father would not accept it as a *likeness* of his son. It was not so beautiful, he said, and he would not have it at all. The son grew up quite homely; the painting was bought for twice as much by a stranger, and the father had none." On a table in the adjoining room we noticed a handsome sword, presented to Gen. Alfred Sully, son of the artist, by the officers "whom he had led in battle." "He is now away out at the end of civilization among the Indians," and pausing before a gipsy's face, he added, "Do you know that these gipsies and Indians cannot bear to be painted—they think that some portion of their souls goes into their pictures." (A compliment to an artist truly.) After some further study of the varied faces with which the walls were peopled we bade the genial artist good-by. "I do not expect to be here long," was his thoughtful remark. "May the end of a life long and honored as his has been be peace, and faces even more radiant and beautiful than those he has often painted, (because free from all that is earthly and perishing,) joyfully greet him when his eyes behold the immortal youth and beauty which we can look for only in another life! In Mr. Sartain's (the well-known engraver's) cabinet of rare and beautiful things, among pictures of the "Deluge," the "Last Supper," "Ascension," "Christ Rejected," "Grant and family, "the Lincoln group," by S. B. Waugh, &c., we afterwards saw some fine portraits by the same gifted hand. These rare master-pieces, scattered through many homes and galleries through the land will be sacredly cherished, when the hand which created them shall have forgotten its cunning.

☞ A young lady, residing near Brooklyn, New York, became so interested in the society of a young man, that while in his company she lost her diamond ring, and found a brass one on her finger instead. She says that "if the ring is returned she will ask no questions."

☞ Scientific writers inform us that wood, when continually exposed to a very moderate heat, such as that of steam and hot water pipes, will, in a space of time varying from eight to ten years, become so inflammable that it will take fire at a temperature very little over that of boiling water. The wood undergoes a slow process of charring, and it is said only awaits the admission of air (which it gets by shrinking and cracking) to burst out into flame.

☞ By a recent decree of the Emperor of Brazil, all children of slaves born after the 8th of April last are free, and slavery will entirely cease at the end of twenty years from that date. Five-sixths of the population of Brazil are either negroes or persons of mixed blood, and two-fifths of these are slaves.

☞ Madame Catalini was pious, but not humble. When a French journalist assailed her, she resented the assault as a sort of blasphemy. "When God," said Madame, "has given to a mortal such extraordinary talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honor it as a miracle. It is profane to depreciate the gifts of Heaven!"

Phat.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I adore fat people. I regard them with hopeless admiration. I even delight to behold fat men. For fatness indicates good temper and good living. We instinctively associate good nature with adipose tissue. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred we are right. Either fatness makes people good-natured, or else good-nature makes people fat. I don't know which it is, and I don't care—but I know that, almost without exception, fat folks are good-natured. They enjoy life. They do not worrit the flesh off their bones. They are the people who do not cry over spilt milk.

Fatness is absolutely incompatible with cold-blooded wickedness. Did you ever see a fat gambler? Great criminals are never fat. Once I saw a man who had murdered his wife. He was thin as a shadow by moonlight, a hungry, vicious wretch, who looked as though he would like to murder me, if he could once have laid his ten fingers on me. I would stake my ears that, since the world began, no desperate conspirator ever weighed two hundred pounds. Robespierre was thin as a dried herring. So are most old maids. Bless you, yes! And you never heard of a sneaking cut-throat, or assassin, or professional murderer who was fat. It cannot be. It is not in the nature of things.

Fat men are jolly, and comfortable, and good-natured. They don't fly out in a passion. They never sputter. They will nearly always let you tease and tease them till you are out of breath, and they won't say a word. As a rule, they do not object to your having your own way. That is the best trait about them. And they don't say sarcastic things about girls' bonnets and waterfalls, as the lean, scraggy newspaper reporters are always doing. Not they. Your snappish married man is lean and nervous. He is the fussy, peevish husband who rages about his collars, pokes his nose into the kitchen, and fumes around like an old hen. But verily, fat men are not so. They are the *ne plus ultra* of husbands. And if I were going to paint a splendid man-angel, I should picture him with a curly moustache, and weighing not less than a hundred and ninety.

If fat men are good, fat women are better. They seldom have hysterics. And what a sight it is to see them laugh! How the merriment ripples over their plump cheeks! They are not given to fretting. The uneasy, fretting creature who puts the whole house in hot water, and keeps it there from morning till night, who is sourer than last year's cider, is always the leanest of women. She ought by all means to be married to the snappish husband. So that they might have it out with each other, cat and dog. If there is one woman in the world who surpasses all the remaining female sex—it is the Woman Who Does Not Fret. She is a golden woman, and can drive a nail beside. You don't often find her, but when you do, you will find her fat. She appears to be a cross between a Quakeress and a healthy angel. She is cooling and soothing to have around. She makes you think of sweet cream and white lilies and honey, all in a breath. She is merry as a bluebird, the year round, and better than tonic bitters. She never worries you nor makes you swear. She is the queen of womankind, is the woman who does not fret. But mark this: She is always fat.

The best singers are invariably fat. The singing temperament runs with adipose tissue as naturally as water runs down hill. Look at the best professional singers, if you do not believe it. Adipose tissue somehow infuses a spiritual oil into the whole nature, lubricating even the harshness of the voice. Of course a fat person sings well. He ought to be starved if he didn't!

Oh to be fat! Oh to be plump, and jolly, and easy! To have your nerves comfortably covered up. To have them not lying out bare upon the surface, inflamed by every breath of wind, quivering and shuddering at every sound. Fat people do not know the miseries of thin people, or they would bless the Lord every day that they are not as other men. They would think upon their mercies, and be thankful that they are not doomed to neuralgia and fretting. And if they are obliged to wear bigger boots, to be sure their well-padded toes won't punch through the boots half so soon. If they do break down benches at camp-meeting, their sharp elbows will not knock out their next neighbor's false teeth, in coming down. And if it does take more dry goods to dress them, it does not take half so many groceries to feed them. If it does take more dry goods to dress them, they do not look like a concretion of acute angles after they are dressed. Indeed they ought to be happy.

Get fat. It will do you good. ZIG.

☞ A man in Chicago has applied for a divorce, on the ground that for nineteen years past his wife has regularly "walloped" him.

☞ The following touching epitaph was written by a British nobleman upon his wife:—

"Beneath this marble slab doth lie
As much of virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live."

☞ Baron Lieber, speaking of Englishmen, says: "All I know of them is that they are friends of light and pure air, but no foreigner is able to prophesy what Englishmen may think about a certain thing six months or six years hence."

☞ Eggs with iron shells will be a fact at the Paris Exposition. A Berlin chemist caused his hens to produce them by feeding them on a preparation in which iron was made to take the place of lime. The eggs may do very well for transportation, but how about the chickens?

☞ The joint committee of the Presbyterian Assemblies, Old and New School, have agreed upon terms of reunion. These terms are to be submitted to the churches for a year before final action.

☞ In manufacturing the Atlantic telegraph cable, it was found that by getting the best lay of a hempen strand around a steel wire, the strength of the two combined exceeded the sum of the strengths of the two separately.

☞ Macchiavelli tells us that "there are brains of three races. The first understands of itself; the second understands as much as is shown it by others; the third neither understands of itself nor what it is shown by others."

☞ SUNFLOWER SEED.—The seed of the sunflower is said to be the best remedy known for the cure of founder in horses. Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his food, and it will give a perfect cure.

☞ Our good qualities often expose us to more hatred and persecution than all the ill we do.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

READY TO RIDE—CHOOSING PARTNERS—A CHARMING COMPANION—LOVELY LANDSCAPE—LUNCHEON EN CABALLE—COMIC CATASTROPHE—EL CASA DE OSSO—A PERUVIAN PICNIC—FRIENDLY PARTING.

Having passed a night and day, and then by persuasion another night at Alhambra, we were about to go our way, delighted with our entertainment, and enchanted with our new friends—especially Dona Elmina and the pretty Senoritas Albertina and Luciletta, the charming daughters of Don Augustine and Dona Elmina.

Many were the persuasions used to induce us to prolong our visit; but persistently we said no to them all; until at length there came a proposition from the Senorita Albertina that caused us to change our purpose. If we would remain two days longer, they would show us something, or more correctly, several things well worth our attention. First, something of the surrounding region, which they assured us was one of the most delightful in Peru. Then, on the second morning, they would escort us to a very singular cavern called *el Casa de Osso*, (the House of Bones) After which they would entertain us with a real Peruvian picnic, and keeping us another night permit us to go our way.

The vote to remain was carried by acclamation, and hurrying to saddle we set out on our tour of inspection, accompanied by Don Augustine and his entire household, including his wife, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and nephews and nieces, who made up a cavalcade outnumbering considerably our own party.

It was proposed by Dona Elmina that instead of all riding in company, and of course all seeing the same things, we should pair off promiscuously, an Alhambran senora, with a gentleman *estrangiero*, and *vice versa*, so that each of us visitors should be provided with a guide and instructor, and riding in couples, covering a broader breadth, our united observation would cover so much more of the beautiful scenery, which afterwards we could paint to each other at our leisure. The suggestion pleased every one, and Dona Elmina, sensible woman that she was, did me the honor to select me as her cavalier companiero. Madam Minnie fell to the choice of a handsome young fellow, youngest son of my lady guide, Bonnie Kate paired off with Don Augustine, her husband replaced her with Dona Luciletta, Dr. Bond took Dona Albertina for a companiero, and thus the matchmaking proceeded, until we were all paired off, except the surplus Alhambrans, some fifteen in all, who volunteered to ride separately, acting as orderlies and adjutants to the brigade in general.

Riding first to the eastward, with a mutual understanding that riding around in a wide circle, sweeping northward first, and then westward, we should all come together at about two o'clock P. M. for the purpose of having a general lunch; dinner to be deferred until our return to Alhambra.

I have never ridden so many leagues over a country so continuously delightful—never so many hours, with a companion more charmingly entertaining. The entire landscape, so far as one could see, was an undulating plain, groves of flowering shrubs and fruit-bearing trees, alternating at brief intervals with cultivated grounds, fields of waving grain, and gardens of luxuriant vegetables. Near neighbors to each other were neat, white-walled, red-roofed *estancias*, surrounded with all the better features of Peruvian taste and elegance. It was a magnificent tropical Eden—Dona Elmina, though forty-five, a fitting Eve. There was so much of enchantment in the lovely landscape, and more in the versatile and brilliant conversation of my companion, that the entire day might have passed without a thought of luncheon or dinner occurring to me, but for our coming somewhat unexpectedly upon the majority of both parties consolidated, and collected under some majestic palms, no one having as yet dismounted.

Just as we rode up, Monteiro called in nautical style:—"Six bells?"

"Make it so and pipe to dinner," the doctor responded promptly.

"I propose, as none of us need a *siesta*, and the horses are all fresh enough, that we do not dismount at all," O'Harra said.

"What then?" "Go without our luncheon?" "Fast till dinner time?" and questions of a like character were asked of the ex-hussar.

"No. Let us dine *en caballe*."

"Like dogs, eh, Barney?" Kate queried, misinterpreting her husband's last word.

"Not a mite of it, honey. Only in the saddle like ladies and gentlemen."

"Don't see how that is to be done," the doctor mused, looking puzzled. The Alhambrans did, however, and one of them, I think, O'Harra's fair companion, Dona Luciletta, had been instructing him. At any rate he began instructing and directing us as authoritatively as if he had been commanding his original hussars in a charge:

"Senora Monteiro, please oblique to the right a few paces—so—now advance directly towards me till our horses' heads meet. That's well! Cosmo, you come in here, heading due north—Dona Almina, you ride in from the opposite side. There you are—all man-o'-war fashion—heads to the centre, tails towards the four cardinal points of the compass. Now, Shleko, take a lasso and fasten all the horses' heads together so they cannot back out. So—that's well. Now, Senora Cosmo, your rubber *poncho*, if you please?"

We began to be educated. Under Barney's instructions we spread out my wife's great, square gum *poncho* over the horses' heads, and all four of us leaning well forward in the saddle, secured the corners firmly to our belts, and then sitting upright, and well back in our saddles, the elastic *poncho* was drawn so tight that it presented a nearly level surface, forming an impromptu India rubber dining-table with human legs, and horses for castors.

Pockets and pouches were emptied, and the broad, elastic table covered with cakes, Cheddar cheese, Bologna sausage, cold chicken, pastry, fruit, *vinho d'oro*, porter, absinthe, anisette, and a stray flask or two of genuine *Kirshwasser*, and riding in from all quarters of the compass the company began to dine *en caballe*.

"A regular horse table," remarked Monteiro.

"Put an *s* to the table and you are nearer the facts," Kate fired back snappishly, pouting a little that she had not been made one of the pall bearers.

"An American star table—curtailed—minus a point," said the doctor.

"A Peruvian star, horse-tailed, rather," retorted the bug hunter—the first attempt at playing with words we had ever heard from him.

So the dinner and fun went on famously, till our luncheon was half made, when there came a sudden interruption, and ridiculous catastrophe. Our horses having their appetites, whetted by the odor of the viands, and provoked at not being able to get a nibble at the good things overhead, began to bite furiously at each other underneath. We were in no condition to quell the war going on savagely under the table, and directly, when the furious animals broke their fastenings and began to back out in opposite directions, tied to the four corners of the table as we were, there was no "backing down" for us, and so hastily disengaging our feet from the stirrups, we slid over the animals' heads, going down all in a heap—O'Harra flat on his back, holding fast to a flask of anisette, his thumb thrust into its neck for a cork. I, less fortunate, went headlong, face foremost, in among the *debris* of the dinner, nearly burying my head in a great pan of some sweet, sticky Peruvian pastry that Dona Albertina had carried carefully all day for an especial dessert. Dona Elmina, weighing not an ounce less than one hundred and seventy pounds, coming down as she did *plump* upon my stomach, precisely as a Peruvian woman sits in the saddle, made an impression ten times more lasting than her sprightly conversation had done. Senora Monteiro fell properly enough, or would have done so had O'Harra been out of the way. As it was she came down endwise, square upon his head, covering the gallant exhussar all over with her drapery, driving his thumb so far into the neck of the flask that it was as fast as a ground glass stopper, and there was a ruinous waste of anisette in breaking the glass so as to free the imprisoned digit.

There was no serious bodily harm done, however, and having extricated ourselves from our divers ridiculous predicaments, cleared the wreck, gathered up the fragments, and had a hearty laugh over the comical termination of our luncheon *en caballe*, we decided to reserve the balance of our appetites for our dinner at Alhambra. So the four of us fallen ones having remounted, we drew apart as before, it being understood that we should next come together at the estancia of Don Augustine.

Dona Elmina was quite as entertaining during the remainder of the afternoon as she had been before, but I was so painfully impressed by the consequences of her fall, that I appreciated her wit and wisdom less, I fear, than they deserved.

Only the Senorita Albertina, of Don Augustine's family de facto, rode with us on the second day; though we had the company of a dozen or more of the more distantly related Alhambrans, young men and pretty donas, on our visit to the "House of Bones." Don Augustine, his wife, and the remainder of the family, remained at home to make preparations for the picnic, and were to meet us in the *campo*, about a league and a-half from the estancia, on our return from the cavern.

At the distance of about three leagues from Alhambra, in a north-western direction, we came to the head of a narrow ravine with a small stream of pure, sparkling water flowing along the bottom. As we rode down, the sides of the gorge became higher and more abrupt rapidly, until within the distance of three-quarters of a mile the ledges rose perpendicular on either hand to an average height of about a hundred feet, pierced in many places along their faces with holes, that Dona Albertina, who was familiar with every feature, informed us were the entrances to caverns and caves, which had never been explored.

At length the wall on the left-hand side terminated abruptly, and in its place appeared a green, sloping lawn, studded with groups of pretty, flowering shrubs, bananas, plantains, and pomegranite trees—among which the little brook meandered in a multitude of serpentines, marking a general course to the south-west, or nearly at right angles with that of the ravine. On the right hand side the ledge continued its line of perpendicular and here and there overhanging wall, and about four hundred yards below where the cliff on the left terminated, we came to the entrance to *el Casa de Osso*. It is an irregular, gothic arch, about twelve feet in height and six and a-half in width at its base; which is elevated some ten feet above the base of the ledge, the ascent to it being steep, but not in the least difficult.

Dismounting, and lighting our torches, we entered the arch, which for the first fifteen yards maintained its proportions, in a straight line, with a level surface of hard, red clay. Then the passage began to widen and rise higher above our heads, bending to the right at an angle of forty-five degrees, the floor becoming rocky and uneven and rising at a considerable upward grade. Within this larger passage we soon began to find bones, both of animals of various kinds, and of human beings, scattered over the ground promiscuously, becoming more numerous as we advanced, until in a little time the whole floor of the cavern, which had widened to more than a hundred feet, was packed, piled, and literally paved with dismembered skeletons of humanity, and beasts, and birds—several of the two latter being of extinct species now only found in fossil, and a number of them exceedingly rare.

At the terminus of this immense corridor, was a narrow but lofty passage at right angles with the direction of the great hall, running to the left a distance of about a hundred and fifty feet, terminating in an immense chamber, with smooth, perpendicular walls, rising to a height of more than fifty feet; covered by an arched roof rising in the centre fifteen feet perhaps higher than the walls, and hung all over with beautiful, and in many instances, vast stalactites, that reflecting from their innumerable facets the glare of our torches, lit up the whole interior of the great square chamber with the most intense brilliancy, making the scene one of indescribable splendor.

We were in *el Casa de Osso*, and it was appropriately named. In great heaps, all over the floor, with narrow avenues between, were bones—human and animal, some in entire skeletons, but mostly detached and mingled in promiscuous disorder. Some of the human skeletons that we found in a state of perfect preservation, gave mute testimony of a dwarf race that had inhabited Peru at an earlier period than that of the Incas. When alive, not one of them had stood above four and a-half feet, the average of more than fifty that we measured being four feet three inches. In all instances the cranium was much depressed, the posterior portion of the skull greatly elongated, while the angle of the lower jaw was prominent, chin protruding, the auditory opening placed high, prominent cheek bones, and the orbital ridges overhanging all, indicative of a race endowed with an intelligence of the very lowest order.

Among the animal skeletons, the most numerous were those of a gigantic armadillo, some of the horny covers or shields of which measured nine feet in length and five in breadth. Then there were immense numbers of bones and many entire skeletons of the Lynx, ten times larger than any modern representative of the genus, and the skeletons of monstrous hyenas, showing that although neither of these animals have been found inhabiting the southern portion of our continent in modern times, they must have existed there at some early period in great numbers and of larger proportions than any now living.

Many were the surmises and suggestions offered by various members of our party in reference to this subterranean house of bones, and its singular miscellaneous collection of human and animal remains; but as none of our conclusions were in the least satisfactory to ourselves, they would be little likely to prove anything more so to the reader; and so without pausing to present any of our uncertain theories, I will instead remark that having devoted some three hours to the interior of *el Casa de Osso*, we came forth in a perplexed puzzle, mounted our horses and rode to the rendezvous, to participate in a pastime that we were more familiar with.

We found Don Augustine, his family, and some fifty friends, of both sexes and all ages, on the ground, and the feast in a forward state of preparation. A genuine Peruvian picnic is no mere out-door cold-cut, chicken, cake and cheese, cold ham, and bread and butter affair. There were two great blazing fires, a fine, fat bullock dressed and lying whole on his hide, half a-dozen sheep laid out in the same manner, fowls, plucked and ready for roasting, eggs, fruits, vegetables, bread, and wines, and the order of the feast is—help yourself to whatever you prefer and cook as you please.

So within half an hour after our arrival, there were busy roasting, and boiling, and stewing, broiling, poaching, and feasting—here a flitch of beef or mutton spitted on a sharp stick was held to the hot coals; there a pullet, suspended from a slender bamboo thrust diagonally into the ground, revolved close to the blaze, roasting famously—eggs poaching in embers, yams and *mariattas*, sweet-potatoes and rich Peruvian pumpkins roasting; coffee and cocoa steaming; and epicures cutting three-pound pieces of tender beef, and lapping them in breadths of the green hide, burying them in the hot ashes and earth, roasting them into delicious *carne con quero;* wine, wassail, hilarity—hurrah! Ah, there is much good cheer and fraternal fellowship in a genuine Peruvian picnic.

There was so much of all these fascinating features in this especial one that it was unanimously decided to continue it through the night, making a picnic dinner, supper, and finally our parting breakfast in one continuous feast. The programme was carried out to the mutual satisfaction of all parties concerned, and seriousness only came with the necessity of separation, when with smutted features, soiled hands, and greasy lips, we embraced promiscuously and kissed each other—*Adios—Deos vos Garde!*

An Elephant and a Rat.

A very extraordinary encounter between a rat and an elephant has recently taken place in the Garden of Plants, London, which was witnessed with interest by hundreds of persons. The keepers were engaged in destroying a great number of rats, when one of them escaped and ran to the spot allotted to the elephant. Seeing no other refuge, in the twinkling of an eye the rat suddenly ensconced himself in the trunk of the elephant, very much to the elephant's dissatisfaction. He stamped his foot and twisted his trunk around like the sail of a windmill. After these evolutions, he stood suddenly reflecting on what was best to do. He ran to the trough where he is accustomed to drink, and placed his trunk into the water, then returned to his den, and raising his trunk, with the water absorbed, he dashed out the unfortunate rat, which was in a sheet of water like that issuing from a fire-engine. When the rat fell to the ground, the elephant seized him, and made him undergo the immersion and projection four times. At the fourth it fell dead. The elephant, with a majestic air, but cool and placid, crushed his annoying little enemy with his foot, and then went round to the spectators to make his usual collection of cakes, sugar, and other dainties. The feat was received with vociferous applause, which the elephant seemed fully to understand and appreciate.

Singular Cause for a Duel.

A Paris correspondent writes:—The horses of a carriage took fright a few days ago, but a young man who was passing rushed to them, and, not without some danger to himself, stopped them. In the carriage was a lady, and she, calling the young man to her, thanked him, at the same time stating that she was the Duchess de ——. She then extended her hand, which the young man took, but she withdrew it directly, leaving a piece of paper in his hand. At the same moment she closed the carriage door and drove off. The paper was a bank note! The young man, who was a gentleman, was covered with confusion at the idea of his devotedness being recompensed with money. But he immediately went into a *café*, and finding the address of the duchess in a fashionable directory, wrapped up her note in one of a larger amount, and with his card sent both to her. The grand dame was greatly astonished at the stranger presuming to return her note, and to accompany it with one of his own. She consulted her husband, and it seems that he thought fit to consider the act as an impertinence. In consequence it is not unlikely that there will be a duel.

A CANDID NOTICE.—The Chicago Tribune says that the following notice is to be seen on a house in the west division of that city:

"This house $40 per month—two parlors, dining room and kitchen below; above four bedrooms, with closets. The whole in a wretched condition; the paint worn off, the paper in parlors torn and smoky, that of the dining-room entirely falling off. The landlord makes no repairs, not even a pane of glass. No gas; very cold in winter. A back way for fuel, but none for groceries. This is to save questions and bell-pulling. No one shown through the house."

☞ Circumstances alter cases. Lip service is considered discreditable to a Christian, but it is a delightful thing between two lovers.

☞ "Sirrah," says a justice to one brought before him, "you are an arrant knave." Says the prisoner, "Just as your worship spoke, the clock struck two."

Walker!

Dr. Mary E. Walker's professional capacity has been doubted in London, and is causing some discussion in the papers there. One of the editors wants to know why she does not give the names of the professors whose lectures she attended; another desires to have the name of the university at which "the doctor" graduated; and they say she is not restrained from mentioning these from any feminine delicacy, for she exhibits her courage in wearing the bloomer costume. So, to settle these disputes, the lady writes to the Spectator, saying:—

"She received the degree of M. D., in New York, in 1855, and had a regular contract from the United States, in 1864, as surgeon in the regular army, and, since that time, has received official testimonials from Generals Sherman, Thomas, and the President."

Now this would be quite satisfactory, perhaps, but somebody in London has had the curiosity ("an ungentlemanly doubter," she calls him) to write to the Surgeon-General of the United States Army, asking for information regarding this so-called doctor. The following is his reply:—

"*Surgeon-General's Office, Washington City.*

"In the winter of 1863, Mary E. Walker was furnished with transportation to Louisville, Kentucky, to report to Assistant Surgeon-General Wood, who stated he would give her employment as a nurse. She was sent by him to Medical Director Perin, who ordered an examination as to her professional qualifications, and reported her incompetent for any higher position than female nurse. She was subsequently put on duty with the wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to Richmond, receiving the pay of a contract physician from the time of her capture until her release.—By order of the Surgeon-General, C. H. CRANE, Assistant Surgeon-General United States Army."

And here, as the lawyers say, the doctor's case rests for the present.

Farming on Shares.

Connecticut boasts of some great farmers. They have a curious way of doing things *on shares*, and the results of these operations offer a fine field for the display of logic. One of their farmers leased to his son-in-law three acres of land, to be planted with corn and cultivated by him "at the halver." In the fall the lessee said that was the poorest land he ever worked on; for, said he, "I worked hard all summer, and at harvest-time, when we came to divide the crop, I not only had no corn left for myself, but I had to go and buy five bushels of shelled corn to make out my father-in-law's half."

Here is another case illustrating the workings of this "peculiar institution" of doing things on shares: Farmer A——— happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor, B———, had more milk than he could dispose of. One day, A——— brought two pigs over and deposited them in B———'s pen, saying that he wished B——— to keep them on shares—and that he might keep them two months and have *one* of them as his share. B——— replied that, as he had plenty of feed, he would keep them four months and have them both, as, of course, that would amount to the same thing! A——— left, saying that he supposed it was all right; but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

BOY LOVE.

"When you look down on me
And the button atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.
I passed your garden and there
On the clothes line hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you.
And I thought as I swung on the gate,
In the cold, by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on."

☞ EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.—Now, early responsibility is almost equivalent to early sobriety. If a stick of timber standing upright wavers, lay a beam on it, and put a weight on that, and see how stiff the stick becomes. And if young men waver and vacillate, put responsibility on them, and how it straightens them up! What power it gives them! How it holds all that is bad in them in restraint! How quickly it develops and puts forward all that is good in them.

☞ Two men recently left Havana to fight a duel. Shortly after reaching the spot selected, the wives and children of each appeared on the scene, greatly to their astonishment. The women announced their intention of fighting also, and the children were armed with pop-guns and fire-crackers. The thing became so ridiculous, that the duel was relinquished and the whole party returned to the city and had a good time together.

☞ A teacher in a public school gave a sentence to be written and properly punctuated. A boy gave the following as the result of his effort: "The quality of mercy says, 'Shake pear is not strained.'"

☞ A LOCK OF HAIR.—Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

☞ An infant in Richmond with one deep blue eye and the other a positive black one, attracts great attention.

☞ They say that Bismarck is no speaker, that he is as rough and rambling and uncouth as Cromwell.

☞ The houses run up in a few weeks by landlords are run down by tenants ever after.

☞ The Parisians are making great efforts to acquire the English language. This is noticeable in the shop windows, where "roe bif," "plem kek," and "pele ele" may be seen written on cards, to intimate to Britishers that roast beef, plum cake, and pale ale can be had within.

☞ A PROBLEM.—Deposit a cent in a bank, two cents the next week, four the third, eight the fourth, and so on for fifty-two weeks, and see where you will come out. This is a pretty problem for a few moments' curious figuring, for of course no man in the country can pursue the process indicated for a year. The tenth week would call for $5 12; the twentieth for $5,230 08; the thirtieth for $5,356,633 92; the fortieth for $2,824,169,193 28; the fiftieth for $5,784,227,517,338 44; the fifty-second for $23,128,910,071 257 76.

☞ The price of cats has advanced in Paris. Many an American will be eating them for chickens or rabbits.

A GIRL'S THOUGHTS AT TWENTY.

Girlhood's sunny days are over
With to-day;
They, with all their wayward brightness,
Pass away.
Woman's earnest path before me
Lieth straight;
Who can tell what grief and anguish
These await?

Guide me, Father, God of mercy,
On the way;
Never from Thy holy guidance
Let me stray.
Give that meed of joy or sorrow
Pleaseth Thee;
Whatsoe'er Thy will ordaineth
Best for me.

In the shadow and the darkness
Be my star;
In the light, lest radiance daze'e,
Go not far.
Make me patient, kind and gentle,
Day by day;
Teach me how to live more nearly
As I pray.

That my heart so much desireth
Grant me still,
If that earnest hope accordeth
With Thy will.
Should Thy mercy quite withhold it,
Be Thou near;
Let me feel I hold its promise
All too dear.

Here, upon life's very threshold,
Take my heart;
From Thy holy guidance let it
Ne'er depart.
When life's stormy strife is over
Take me home;
There to be more fully, truly
Thine alone.

☞ A silk plant is reported to have been discovered in Peru, and is described in a communication recently sent to the State Department at Washington. The shrub is three or four feet in height. The silk is enclosed in a pod, of which each plant gives a great number, and is declared to be superior in fineness and quality to the production of the silk worm. It is a wild perennial, the seed small and easily separated from the fibre. The stems of the plants produce a long and very brilliant fibre, superior in strength and beauty to the finest linen thread.

☞ Far sweeter music to a true woman than the tone of harp or piano touched by her hand, are the cheerful voices of husband and children, made joyous by her presence.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is working wonderful cures in rheumatism. Where every other remedy fails, this inestimable salve takes hold, penetrates to the very core, removes every particle of inflammation and effects a complete cure. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little demand. Sales comprise about 7500 bbls in lots at $9,50@10,50 for superfine; $10,50@11,50 for extra; $11@14,75 for low grades and fancy North-West extra family; $13@15 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family; $16@17 for California; and $16,50@17,50 for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—Small sales are making at from $8,75@9 ₩ bbl. Brandywine Corn Meal sells at $6,25@6,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is no falling off in the demand for prime Wheat. Sales of 4000 bus Pennsylvania Red at $2,32; 600 bus California at $3,10. Rye ranges from $1,70 to $1,73. Corn—Sales of yellow at $1,28@1,30, and 800 bus Western do, at $1,27. Oats—Sales of 7000 bus Pennsylvania and Delaware at 80c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; small sales are making at $23,50@24 ₩ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@17c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged bacon Hams; 13½@14c for pickled do; 9@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 13@13½ ₩ lb for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $22,50@24,50 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter—Small sales are making at 14@28c for roll, and 10@16c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 12@17c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 18@19c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 300 bales of middlings sold at from 25@27c for Uplands and 27@28c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales of Southern are recorded at 7@7½c, and Western at 7½@8c. Dried Peaches range at 13@14c for halves; 11@12c for quarters, and 32@35c for pared.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1250 head. The prices realized from 17½@18½c ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 7½@9½c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $10 @11,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

Choice! Sparkling! Brilliant!

Will be found in the New Collection entitled, "THE PIANIST'S ALBUM," just out, containing all the popular pieces that are invariably called for, and with which every player should be familiar. Adapted to the capacity of the majority of performers. Price, plain, $1.50; cloth, $2; full gilt, $4. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

WANTED, AGENTS—(Male or Female)—Can clear $50 per week at their own home, in a light and honorable business. Address, sending two stamps, for full particulars, E. E. LOCKWOOD, Detroit, Michigan. my11-2t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club	8.00
9 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	$20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of *Life's* Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

I.

Oh! the green things growing! the green things growing!
The fresh sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

II.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
Talking each to each when no man's knowing:
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the gray dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

III.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

IV.

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;
Ah! I should like to see, if God's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

V.

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing—
Sleep out of sight awhile—like the green things growing;
Though earth to earth return, I think I shall not mourn,
If I may change into green things growing.

D. M. C.

☞ "Sir," said somebody to New York to Mr. Thackeray, "what do you think in England of Mr. Tupper?" "Sir," responded the great novelist, "in England we don't think of Mr. Tupper at all."

THE DREAM-CHILD.

Oft, in the dreamy twilight hour,
I sit, and in my arms I hold
A little child, whose eyes are blue,
Whose hair is sunny gold.
He looks up in my face, and I
Look fondly, proudly down on him,
And, with sweet tears of happiness,
I feel my eyes grow dim.

The child's so like my heart's best love!
He has the self-same noble face;
In every gesture, ev'ry smile,
A likeness, too, I trace.
And oh! how dear, how doubly dear
This makes my baby-boy to me!
I fold him closer to my breast
And kiss him tenderly.

But, as the twilight fades, so fades
The smile, the eyes, the shining hair.
Ah, me! I dreamed—the night brings truth,
I clasp the empty air.
And mem'ry coming back repeats
"Heav'n gives to thee no little one!"
I fold my arms and strive to say
"My God! thy will be done!"

—*The Galaxy.*

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER IX.

BAFFLED.

Mr. Marsh, member of the College of Surgeons, sat upon the edge of his chair, squeezing his hat between his bony arm and his lean body, as wiry, pallid, and unwholesome a medical practitioner as could be readily found. His dark eyes were restless and bloodshot; there were scars upon his pointed chin, that showed how the razor had trembled in his hand when he shaved away his harsh blue beard; the hands themselves, in their new gloves of dark-green kid, were very unsteady and unquiet. A fine perfume of rum, qualified by the odor of drugs, hung about Mr. Marsh and his habiliments. He was rather shabby, but carefully dressed, with a neckcloth, elaborately arranged, with clean wristbands, and a well-brushed hat. His mouth expressed much ill-humor, it is true, his features were mean, and his rough hair had the appearance of having been dipped in a dyer's vat, it was so very coarse and so very black; but he had a shrewd look, too, and a good frontal development, battered and dilapidated as he was. A knave he might be, but no fool.

Yet he sat there, eyeing Lord Ulswater from under his shaggy brows, and blinking owlishly, without speaking. The master of the house had to begin the conversation.

"You wish to speak with me, Mr. Marsh. We have not met for some time. I cannot guess the object of your visit, said Lord Ulswater, gravely.

Mr. Marsh broke out into a crowing laugh, quite unexpectedly, and wagged his head from side to side, as he made answer:

"Oh yes you can, my lord—yes you can. Don't tell *me*. You know you know it!" And he let his hat drop upon the carpet with a dull thud, and passed his glove fingers through his ragged, dark hair, and repeated the crowing laugh. He had been drinking, to brace up his nerves for the interview, long anticipated, and the liquor had mounted suddenly to his brain, and had disposed him to be insolent and defiant.

Lord Ulswater's voice was serious and almost sad as he bent forward and said:

"Marsh, I am sorry for this—a man of your ability, and your learning, and experience—I really am sorry for this. It is a bad habit."

While speaking thus, in a slow, impressive way, Lord Ulswater made an effort to catch the man's eye, and at last he succeeded. The visitor, when once his own shifting black eyes were confronted with the steady, blue eyes of Lord Ulswater, could not withdraw them, and he winced and moved awkwardly in his chair, and presently covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

"It is a bad habit; you're quite right, my lord. I ask pardon. I'm a wretched, broken man, and my whole comfort is in drink, though it is killing me, killing me." The last words were uttered in a sort of whining voice that would rather have seemed to befit the throat of a scourged hound, than of any creature in human shape, though never so degraded and sunken in the great Dismal Swamp of Drink. The attitude of the man, as well as his tone, was miserably abject, as he sat crouching, with his face hidden between his tremulous hands. But Lord Ulswater's face, though it was eloquent with the scorn he cared not to conceal, showed none of the confidence that springs from contempt. He knew how readily the tears rise to the eyes of a drunkard, and he knew, too, how quickly the unstable moods of drunkards are apt to change, from maudlin penitence to brutal fury, or dull apathy, or noisy boastfulness. In this instance, however, there was no abrupt transition, but Mr. Marsh slowly allowed his hands to drop upon his knees, drew himself up, and sat silent for a little while, evidently busy in disentangling the ravelled clue of his ideas. His eyes gradually became less restless, and the quivering of his lean fingers almost wholly ceased. The astute brains of the man, sorely bemuddled by intemperance were not yet irreparably sunk in the fiery Lethe of the spirit-bottle, and an effort of their owner's will could still clear them upon occasion, though with great and increasing difficulty. He looked and spoke well-nigh like a sober person, as he resumed the broken conversation.

"My lord," said Mr. Marsh, "I owe an apology to you for my late conduct. I have had much to vex and trouble me latterly, and have been far from well, and—and have been injudicious in the over-free use of stimulants. I am indebted for so much to your lordship's generous patronage, that it is painful to me to appear before you, my benefactor, in such a light as I fear I have done. I beg of you, Lord Ulswater, to believe that my presence here this day is unconnected with any intentional disrespect."

"You mean well, Marsh, I am sure," said Lord Ulswater, quietly. "You have not yet told me, though, what you do mean; and I cannot guess your exact drift."

"I will explain my purpose, with your lordship's leave," returned the surgeon, while a sickly smile flitted over his face for an instant. "I should be singularly ungrateful if I did not remember that it was by your liberality that I was enabled to give up my humble post as assistant to Dr. Dennis, and set up for myself at Shellton-on-Sea, the inhabitants of which, I must say, are a pack of the most narrow-minded provincial curs that ever—"

"They don't appreciate you, Marsh, eh? That is your meaning, I conclude?" interrupted Lord Ulswater, with a slight but expressive gesture of weariness.

Mr. Marsh writhed deferentially, and moved his ugly head like a serpent dancing to the flute of the snake-charmer. Then, little by little, his grievances were revealed. He had taken an expensive house, in the dearest quarter of the watering-place, had furnished it, partly on credit, and had married, fully trusting that his unquestioned ability and his social tact would secure for him the lion's share of the practice, hitherto enjoyed by his old employer, Dr. Dennis. Mr. Marsh, however, had to learn by sad experience that patients look for character as well as for talent in their medical man, and that sentiment enters largely into the relations of mankind towards each other. The town was up in arms from the first on account of the new doctor's reputed ingratitude to good, easy-going, old Dennis, and, once prepared to dislike Mr. Marsh, their antipathy was not suffered to die out for lack of fuel. The Upper Ten Dozen of Shellton speedily found out that the obnoxious doctor drank; that he was a bad paymaster; that he went to church certainly, but for their eyes alone, and because it is respectable to go to church, and that he was in the habit of descanting irreverently upon solemn subjects when among choice spirits in the parlor of the *Red Lion*. There was more than this that was whispered to the doctor's detriment—vague discreditable reports, that nobody could trace to any definite source, but which, like the Eumenides, tracked down their victim from afar, and which easily convinced a prejudiced audience that Mr. Marsh was a dangerous person, unfit for family practice.

The surgeon married; but even that meritorious act was made by his evil stars to serve as a means for plunging his reputation still deeper in the slough of scandal. He married the daughter of a gentleman-farmer in the county, an empty-headed, rosy-cheeked young woman, with a strong taste for fine clothes and idleness, a half-educated, shallow-eyed lass, whom it would have taken the best of husbands to have converted into even a tolerable wife. Mr. Marsh was not a good husband; extravagance and folly on the one side, intemperance and irritability on the other, produced their natural result in a plenteous crop of quarrels, in tears, oaths, shrewishness, abuse, hysterics, blows. It was no secret in Shellton that Mr. Marsh often beat his wife. He had indeed been once admonished by the magistrates sitting in petty sessions at the *Regent Hotel*, and had been bound over in recognizances to keep the peace towards his Mary Ann. Rough music had been played at night under his windows; the street-boys jeered him as he went by; his few paying patients fell off; he lost sundry pounds annually by his parish appointment; his credit sank to zero, and those to whom he owed money sued him in the County Court. His sole practice was among the poor, to whom he administered drugs and advice gratis, not that he cared any more for the poor than Judas did, but because even unpaid employment was less disgraceful in a professional point of view, than absolute inaction.

In all this modern version of a medical Rake's Progress down the black road to ruin, there was nothing very extraordinary; the wonder was rather in the patience with which Lord Ulswater listened to its details. He was much kinder and less proud in his bearing than he had been towards the thieves' attorney, and yet Mr. Marsh was a more repulsive personage than Mr. Mose. When the surgeon had finished his tale, Lord Ulswater paused for a moment, and then rejoined:

"Now, Marsh, I know from the first that this plan of yours would not answer any good end. Recollect, that when I undertook to do something for you, I by no means approved of that Shellton project. It was not a hopeful scheme. The practice was limited, and—"

"Ah! but I wanted to cut out old Dennis, the stupid old prig, with his fossil notions and his slow mind; and Mrs. D., too, with her high and mighty patronage of her betters; and the daughters, who turned up their conceited noses at the poor shabby assistant's old coat—I owed them all a grudge, and I wanted to show them the sort of stuff I was made of!" broke out Mr. Marsh, with a sudden flaming up of the envious malignity that lay dormant within him, and he clenched his bony fist and shook it stealthily at some imaginary offender.

Lord Ulswater frowned, and his tone was cold, and almost severe as he made answer:

"You told me nothing of this at the time, and, had you done so, I should have proved less compliant. But I thought, and I see that I thought rightly, that you would do far better abroad."

Mr. Marsh had lost sight of his penitence by this time, and he was rapidly getting rid of his humility. "Abroad, my lord? Yes, yes, I should think so; and the further the better, eh? America was the country for a pushing medical practitioner, in your lordship's opinion, I remember. South America better still than North; ha! ha! Mexico, California, Pike's Peak, Gippsland, best of all, I should say. Some nice snug place on the other side of the world, with plenty of snakes, sickness, and cut-throat company, plenty of liquor going too, and no intellectual associates—just the place for a man of education to drink himself into the next world. Aha! my lord! I'm obliged all the same." And the wretch actually snapped his fingers, and grinned wolfishly.

Lord Ulswater's face became very white, but not with fear. "Idiot!" he said, with a quick, involuntary glance at the window nearest him—"idiot, to insult me, and to do so *here!*" And he made a slight movement as he spoke—such a movement as the lion makes before he bounds upon the narrowing ring of spears that hem him in closer and closer at every step of the hunters.

Mr. Marsh also glanced at the window, like a picture framed in the thick wall of the tower. It was open; the soft sea-breeze stole gently in, and with the breeze the low wash of the gurgling sea among the boulders at the cliff-foot. Without, nothing could be seen but a lazy white cloud floating in the blue, save when a gull's wing flapped swiftly past the casement. The window overlooked the sheer descent of the precipice—that was a mere picturesque accident in the construction of St. Pagans, but—but Mr. Marsh read something in Lord Ulswater's face that made his own pseudo-courage wane as fast as that of Bob Acres himself.

"I beg pardon. On my soul, my lord, I crave you to excuse me," he faltered out.

Lord Ulswater kept his eyes firmly upon the cowering creature, as a beast-tamer watches some brute at once treacherous and cowardly. "We have been together now for some time," he said gravely, "and Lady Harriet will wonder at the length of an interview that seems without motive. You should not have come here; but as you have done so, be good enough to state your business in a few words as you can."

"It's all up with me at Shellton; I don't make as much as would buy the corks of my physic-bottles. There'll be an execution in my house next week," said Mr. Marsh. "I want to get away."

"You want to get away? Where do you mean to go?" demanded Lord Ulswater.

"To London.—You stare, my lord, but why not? You know as well as I know that I'm not a bad doctor. I could take out my diploma of M. D. to-morrow from the German university where I studied. I could feel pulses, and look solemn, and whisk from door to door in my brougham, and tell the newest scandal to dowagers, just as well as many a fashionable physician I could name. I'd pitch the brandy-bottle out of window—indeed, indeed I would, and live like a respectable man, and—"

"And die a court-physician, and a baronet to boot, I suppose," said Lord Ulswater very quietly; "but broughams, and Belgravian houses, and men-servants, and the rest of it, cost money. A good West-end practice costs a great deal of money, I have heard. How shall you manage to get all these things?"

"For that, I look to you, my lord," said Mr. Marsh, with a sort of dogged resolution, and repeating each word in the manner of one who is going through a lesson learned by rote. "I have no hope in anything but the generosity of the kind patron who has given me one start in life already. He was Mr. Carnac then, not my lord, and the six hundred and odd pounds I had from him were more to him, in proportion, than six thousand would be now. Not that I want so much as a gift; it's only a loan, my lord. I'll sign any bond you please, and pay back the money, interest and principal, out of my fees. I should do well in London, really I should. I've always hankered after London. You've only seen me under a cloud, my lord, and you don't know what I should be with a fair field to show my talents in. I should—"

"You must not run on in this way, Marsh," said Lord Ulswater, rising from his seat. "I am sorry to dash your Alnaschar-like hopes to the ground, but it is best to encourage no idle dreams. It does not suit my views that you should become Sir Stephen Marsh, M. D., of Mayfair; and most certainly I shall not lend you six thousand pounds."

It is possible that Mr. Marsh had anticipated this refusal, for he evinced none of the ordinary signs of disappointment; he sat quite still, with his gloved hands thrust deep down in his pockets, screwing up his thin-lipped mouth, and eyeing the pattern of the carpet as though he desired to count the threads. "When a man's driven, and goaded, and harassed, there's no saying what he'll do," observed Mr. Marsh, not menacingly, but rather like one who enunciates a dreary truth—"no saying what he'll do. As well quarry stone on Dartmoor, or pick oakum at Bermuda, as lead this dog's life of skulking and dishonor. And when a man's desperate, he is not always very particular, my lord, about who gets dragged down to ruin along with him. That's all I have to say."

"I am glad of that, Marsh—glad, I mean, that you have finished your statement," said Lord Ulswater, as he rang the bell. "I shall say nothing in answer to it at present. The London project is out of the question. If you, on thinking the matter over, decide to emigrate, I may be induced, perhaps, to give you one more chance in a new part of the world. When you see the affair in a proper light, you may address me by letter—till then, good-morning, Mr. Marsh," for the butler had now appeared; and under his custody, so to speak, Mr. Marsh was led away, and safely bestowed in his fly. He heard the gates of St. Pagans close behind him with a dull and heavy clang. He drove back across the smooth green downs, baffled, beaten, and submissive, yet resentful, like a fierce beast that has found its master, yet snarls even as it crouches, and on the first advantage, is ready to turn upon that master, and rend him limb from limb.

CHAPTER X.

SHELLTON MANOR.

The Right Honorable Robert Dunmood Eliot Hastings, a member of the House of Commons, and of the ministry of the day, was not the man to have his house empty. In London, things were different. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings had a good house in Eaton Square, to which they would not have asked any stranger, be he never so strange to town, and of blood so near akin; but in the country, it was the visitor whose presence conferred a favor, and guests were welcome. Shellton Manor was by no means one of those grand houses where a week's stay is a seven days' Elysium. My lord duke can do what Mr. Eliot, with all his parliamentary, official, and social repute, could not do. When you visit his grace, you may take your share in the bird-murder of three or four tremendous battues, at which you grow to feel a very butcher among the pheasants, and slay and slay till your shoulder aches with the kicking of the guns that the obsequious keepers load for you. Then the coursing, the amateur theatricals, the ball, the Volunteer fête, the archery, billiards, picnic, rob you of your hours right pleasantly; and there is the noble library to steal any spare time that the gaieties of the day may have spared; but at Shellton Manor it was not so.

Shellton, old as the house itself may have been, was a new place, a made place, one of those mansions around which the fir-trees were all young slips, the gravel too new, the hedges too trim, the meadows too carefully looked to. The demesne was not old enough to have attained to those delightful old faults of slovenly copses, patches of rough wood, sheltering rabbits, and bits of rushy ground, fit to harbor snipes, that give half their charm to the home-farm of an ordinary squire. Then the gardens, had Sir Joseph himself been their manager, could not have been expected to be as rich in leaf and flower, in blossom and fruit, as the more comfortable inland gardens out of reach of the salt breeze of the sea-coast. Mr. Hastings, though he was liberal, and even lavish, with respect to what he called his preserves, could not offer to young men any shooting that of itself would be an inducement to sojourn at Shellton. An average country gentleman, dwelling within a fifty-miles' radius of the great Babel, is apt to compute that every pheasant costs him, in barley, watchers, keepers, and abatement of rent, a guinea. But it was pretty well known that the birds of the Right Honorable Robert cost him a great deal more than a guinea for every long-tailed flutterer that was laid bleeding on the grass; and accordingly, considerate guests were chary of slaughtering too many of the Shellton pheasants, as they would have been reluctant to drink too deeply of some costly cabinet wine, ruinous to the owner.

But still, though there was lacking the quasi-feudal state and splendor of some ducal castles and some baronial mansions, though in large-handed hospitality it was surpassed by the plain red-brick Hall of many an untitled country gentleman, still Shellton Manor was rarely without guests; and it was held an honor to be asked there. The perfume of office, the mystic odor of power, privilege, patronage, hung about the place. Young men, quite eligible on the score of birth, dress, and culture, to be Fellows of All Souls College, were eager for an invitation to that gray stone house, where bachelor inmates slept in attics and turret chambers, where the cook was a dull copyist, the stables meagrely supplied, and the host at once cross and pompous. There were pleasanter mansions strewn broadcast over Britain; but there were only some half-dozen houses which, like Shellton Manor, were haunted by the brownie of place and power.

It may be added, that there were not many English homes in which it was possible to have the privilege—for a privilege it was—of being domiciled under the same roof with so beautiful a girl as Flora Hastings. Those who spent, it may be, but a poor three days at Shellton, were yet able to regard themselves, and to be regarded by others, as enviable mortals and persons of distinction, on the strength of this brief proximity to the Right Honorable Robert's lovely daughter. A young dandy of the third or fourth degree of magnitude often swelled into a star of the first order, temporarily, from being able to talk with studiously careless familiarity of "Miss Hastings—pretty Flora Hastings—most beautiful creature in England—know her people quite well—staying there, at Shellton, last August!" For London had agreed that Flora Hastings was chief belle of her second London season.

The girl was really of a rare beauty, one of those sweet, graceful maidens who form the component parts of the Dream of Fair Women. It was difficult to imagine the existence of such as Flora Hastings apart from the accessories of her life, away from pretty rooms, rich furniture, elegant trifles, and a life of ease and chastened luxury. There are styles of beauty which, like hardy garden-flowers, can thrive at the door of a cottage as well as in the sheltered precincts of abundance. There are yet other styles of beauty that seem to flourish the more vigorously beneath the low roof of the gipsy tent, or beside the camp-fire of the savage, as the harebell is never so fair, and the wild strawberry never so coyly tempting, as far away among the wood and the moorland. But Miss Hastings was more like a hothouse flower, that might, perhaps, have its native home in some sun-kissed island of the tropics, but that needed care in our rougher regions, to keep its dainty petals and glossy stem from nipping frost and rude gale.

It was some praise, and just praise, when those who were learned in such matters said, that of the two or three reigning belles of the hot, hard, grinding season, Flora Hastings was the only one that was not spoiled by the honors that polite London had chosen to thrust upon her. She had come down to Shellton with a good grace, and that good feeling of which a good grace is merely the varnish or counterfeit, in the very glow and triumph of her success. It was as if some conqueror of the grand man-slaying days of heathen Rome had been stopped in his pageant, checked on his way through shouting myriads towards the Capitol, and bidden to leave the laurels and the high chariot, the pomp and the pride of the hour, to carry out some homely mission of common-place, every-day duty. To go down to Shellton, while London was at the high-water of fashion and display, to nurse an old gentleman suffering from gout, and in a temper that generally accompanies gout, was a trial that might have tested the quality of the most Patient Griselda of the nineteenth century.

Miss Hastings, however, was far from laying claim to a Griselda's equanimity under annoyance; she was merely a good girl, with a liking for admiration and amusement, which good girls sometimes possess; and with a sincere affection for the old father whose unlucky illness had put an end to her town-glories. To leave London, no doubt was disagreeable, but she did leave it, with a generous willingness that was worth the mechanical compliance of a score of such passive victims as the great proverbial prototype of obedient females.

There were those who remarked, that the sacrifice which Miss Hastings made was, after all, a very trifling one, since she was notoriously engaged to be married to William Morgan, Esquire, of Cramlingham and Stoneham Halls, as well as of various other seats in England and Wales, and especially in Wales, the jawbreaking names of which latter mansions need not be enumerated for a second time in this history. A great match and a great catch—so the gossips in turbans avowed, somewhat enviously, with the entire concurrence of the bewigged old gentleman who fill the bay-windows of the clubs. It was a match that the daughter of any of those dukes and earls, to count consanship with whom had been the Right Honorable Robert's earliest and most solid claim to office, might have been glad to make, in a worldly point of view, of course—strictly in a worldly point of view.

That Flora Hastings was especially lucky, unnaturally, undeservedly, preposterously lucky, in having secured this golden prize in the lottery matrimonial, many envious tongues declared. But she was envied less for her supposed good-fortune, than perhaps any of her contemporaries would have been, as she was hated not at all. Mrs. Hastings it was who incurred the familiar reproach of being mercenary, designing, and so on; and she, like a tough-hearted woman of the world, distressed herself very little about the murmurs of those dear friends who found it hard to forgive her such a great success.

Of Mrs. Hastings, there is not much to be said. Of the world, worldly, she was yet a woman to be respected for her conduct in every relation of life. She did her duty as a wife, as a mother, and as a member of society, working stoutly and faithfully, according to the faith that was in her, to promote the social and political prosperity of her husband and her children. To the Right Honorable Robert, she was an invaluable partner in life, patiently and steadfastly laboring to keep the wives of the more influential statesmen of his party in good-humor, doing the honors of his house graciously, and offending no one who might by possibility be useful to the government. Her son found in her the kindest

of confidants; and it was due to her diplomacy that the debts of that young gentleman, now Secretary of Legation at some minor German court, had been three times paid by his growling father. She had displayed great tact and delicacy in the Morgan affair—neither roaring away the fish by too much eagerness, nor pressing upon Flora any gratuitous advice; and she was now serenely sure of having provided for her daughter's life-long happiness by the engagement she had so dexterously contrived.

So the Hastings family were at home under their picturesque roof of Shellton, and they had, in spite of the concurrence of the London season, plenty of guests of both sexes, highly creditable friends, well-born and well-mannered, but belonging to that section of society that rather rubs shoulders with the rose than lays just claim to be the rose itself. It was hardly possible, indeed, that any one who had a real share in the political life that is, after all, the tonic and stimulant of our old-world system, and who had not the gout, should desert the great parliamentary arena, where swords and shields were still rattling, and where the war-cries of party-leaders resounded yet over the struggling throng of intellectual gladiators. Nor could great ladies, whose receptions were trumpeted forth by the fashionable press months beforehand, desert their stifling drawing-rooms and opera-boxes to rusticate at Shellton. But there were two or three married couples, cadets of noble houses, who were scarcely sorry to curtail the campaign in Curzon street, or elsewhere, after spending half a year's income in three months as a holocaust on Fashion's altar; and there were agreeable young-lady cousins from distant parts of England; and younger sons, with the true Pall Mall flavor about their yellow whiskers or trim moustaches, from the clubs and the Household Brigade.

Among these gentlemen, but hardly of them, was the son-in-law-elect, William Morgan, who resided, as a son-in-law-elect should do, according to antique custom, not at the manor-house, but at the *Regent Hotel*, in the pleasant bathing-place called Shellton-on-Sea. This young man's position was not very easily defined. He was at once above and below those with whom he daily associated. In right of his wealth, he was a person of very considerable importance. The ball lay at his foot, so to speak, awaiting till it should be his good pleasure to kick it to the goal. In the greatness of his means, he had a golden key, that in a bold and dexterous hand would unlock the enchanted portals of Fame's temple. He was so rich, that if he would but condescend to be clever, industrious, and decorous as to his way of living and opinions, men were willing that he should rule over them; taking in his early manhood such a share in the governing of the nation, as far abler men, after years of pain and toil, can only attain when their temples are getting bare, and their locks grizzled. Power, renown, rank, and the *sweets* of office, might be William Morgan's, on very easy terms indeed, supposing him to deserve them, so marvellously had his way in life been smoothed by the vast wealth that his sturdy parent had bequeathed to him.

But there was a reverse to the medal. The very dandies and loungers who envied this fortunate young man his dazzling prosperity, and spoke with an enforced respect of his wealth, despised the man himself. Nor was this wholly on account of the lowness of his origin. They would not have looked with the same eyes upon old Morgan himself, the hero of the pickaxe and the fustian vest, who had fought his way to opulence. That ex-miner, ex-navigator, ex-sub-contractor, and late millionaire, had been a very rugged diamond indeed, but hard and keen, as a diamond should be. His manners had been coarse, his bearing boisterous, and his language Boeotian in its uncouth rusticity; but he was emphatically a man, and his manliness saved him from contempt. You may dislike, but you cannot despise, the most savage soldier who bears the reeking stains of war upon him, and who comes before you, gashed and gory, with the blood of his enemies mingled with his own. So William Morgan's father would, by the curled darlings of England, have been set down as a splendid old ruffian; a person to be avoided as much as might be, but highly respectable after his fashion, as a grimy bear is respectable after his.

But the old man was dead, sleeping, in the body, under half a-dozen tons of Carrara marble in Cramlingham parish church, and it was William his son who reigned in his stead. By what strange law of Nature is it that as the son of a great statesman, or poet, or warrior, is commonly a fool, or at best a washed-out copy of his progenitor, the heir of a self-made man is almost always deficient in the pith and vigor that marked his hard-working sire! At anyrate, William Morgan's was a case in point. He had several good qualities—was painstaking, well-meaning, and truthful, as well as wonderfully modest for so rich a youth, who had heard, from his boyhood up, in as strong and boastful words as old Mr. Morgan could employ, that "money made the man." To say that the present possessor of Stoneham, Cramlingham, and the other manors, to say nothing of scrip, stock, shares, and mines in nearly every quarter of the world, bore his golden burden gracefully, would be untrue, but at least he was not liable to be taxed with vulgar arrogance.

He was painfully gentlemanly, one of those men who look upon gentlemanhood as an art to be acquired by long and severe study, and who suffer tortures of shame if they imagine themselves to have transgressed a canon of etiquette. His fellow-Etonians had, with the quick instinct that belongs to boys, found out this foible of William Morgan's, and had bantered him and jeered him in the merciless manner peculiar to school-boys and school-girls. At Oxford, the future lord of lands had worn a velvet cap, and his full purse had in a measure begun to be a barrier between the rude outer world and his own shrinking, serious, sensitive nature. The undergraduates of his time had not the heart to be very hard upon so openhanded, inoffensive, kindly a young fellow, and if they laughed at him, laughed when his back was turned. But there was some truth in the account that had been given of him by Luxington of the Eleusis Club. He had tried to take an interest in the pursuit that usually interest men of his age, and of the class in which he was tolerated rather than welcomed. His yacht, his racing-stable, his hunters, his Highland moor, were a weariness to their owner, yet he kept them up in liberal style. He was now about to enter upon political life—and matrimony. Such was the Right Honorable Robert's son-in-law expectant, who now walked, with slow steps, between the steep banks that skirted the road from the watering-place to Shellton Manor, on a fine July morning. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR BABY.

To-day we cut the fragrant sod
With trembling hands asunder,
And lay this well-beloved of God,
Our dear, dear baby, under.
O hearts that ache, and ache afresh!
O tears too blindly raining:
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
Too strong for our restraining.

Sleep, darling, sleep! cold rains shall steep
Thy little turf-made dwelling:
Thou will not know, so far below,
What winds and storms are swelling.
The birds shall sing in the warm Spring,
And flowers bloom about thee:
Thou wilt not heed them, love, but oh,
The loneliness without thee!

Father, we *will* be comforted;
Thou wast the gracious Giver;
We yield her up—not dead—not dead—
To dwell with Thee forever.
Take Thou our child—*ours* for a *day*—
Thine while the ages blossom;
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom!

THE MISSES FITZWILLIAM.

CHAPTER I.

AT ANCHOR.

On the 11th of June, 186–, the *Royal Edward*, one of the finest of her Majesty's ironclads, was steaming majestically into an English harbor, which we will call Brighthaven. It was not her first visit to that port, as Arthur Mainwaring well remembered, for there was a very happy look on his open face, when he glanced at the sunny shore and thought of Clara Fitzwilliam. He was a pleasant specimen of an English sailor; not handsome; with tawny hair and hazel eyes; but there was something better than beauty in his frank and manly bearing, as you felt, when he smiled, and looked in your face. He was second-lieutenant of the ship, was only waiting for her paying off, and the step which he hoped would follow, to marry; and I am disposed to think that Miss Fitzwilliam was a lucky girl.

Slowly the great ironclad moved up the roads to her moorings; at last one anchor was let go, while she slipped imperceptibly over it; then a second plashed and rattled to the bottom, and her motion ceased altogether. Now the donkey-engine was set to work; the "messenger" chain was sent forward to bring up the extra cable, to the merry tunes of the band; and riding securely above her pair of make-fasts—holding on, as it were, with both hands to mother-earth—the *Royal Edward* lay at anchor in the waters of Brighthaven. By three o'clock, steam was let off, the fires were out, the funnels down, and everything looked comfortable and like staying.

"Cutter's manned, sir," said a tall midshipman, touching his cap as he came up to Mr. Mainwaring, whose heart, unsuspected by the middy, gave a great bound at the words. Every moment that he was on board now seemed an hour to him, so, without waiting to change his uniform, he sprang into the boat, and was rowed quickly to shore. It was not more than a mile from the landing-place to Fern Villa, but to Mr. Mainwaring's impatient footsteps it seemed to be at least three. Though situated so close to the sea, it might have been a hundred miles inland, so little trace of salt-water was there in the neighborhood, and so green and rural did everything about it look. It was a quaint, many-gabled house, with green Venetian shutters out side, rose-trees climbing half-way up the roof, and pushing their pink buds unbidden in at the open windows, and a porch glowing with tiers of geraniums and calceolarias. There was a croquet-ground on the soft turf in front of the house; there were rustic seats scattered here and there, and laurel-bushes everywhere, growing in their luxuriance into great trees. A pretty place altogether.

"My dear Arthur," exclaimed a lady, coming to meet him in the avenue—a sad and gentle-looking lady, with already a thread of silver showing through her hair. She wore a sort of modified widow's weeds, and had a pretty little boy and girl with her. This was Mrs. Brent, the Misses Fitzwilliams' half-sister, and their senior by about ten years. Their father and mother were dead, their two brothers serving her Majesty in far countries, so that she was now their only protectress, and a very kind and motherly one, since she had no other thought but for them and her two children.

She now hastened with Mr. Mainwaring into the house to look for the girls, and while the first joyful greetings are in progress, we will seize the opportunity to take a glance at the Misses Fitzwilliam.

They were unlike their sister, in so far as she was tall and dark, and they were both rather under the middle height, and had brilliantly fair complexions. Clara, the elder, was the beauty of the family, and just a little spoiled in consequence. She had deep violet eyes, an alabaster brow, low and rounded, and sunny brown hair. Except that her nose was inclined to be *retroussé*, and her mouth just a shade larger than was consistent with perfect symmetry, she would have been wonderfully handsome; and even as it was, there was not much to be desired. Maud had laughing, light-blue eyes, and a flood of golden hair—hair that could never degenerate like some that is called golden, into strings of limp looking tow, but had caught and kept rays of real sunshine. She had a fair round face, with pretty, piquant features, a perfect chin and jaw, and a sweet, innocent expression in the midst of her gaiety, that was very winning.

When the first excitement of welcome was over, Clara said with a proud, fond look at her promised husband: "I do declare, Arthur, you are getting quite the expression of a captain already. By the time you're one in reality, I shall be quite afraid of you."

Mr. Mainwaring laughed. "We'll first get the step," he said, "and then take the chance of that."

Mr. Mainwaring had not long to stay, for the dinner-boat left at five, and of course he had a watch to keep.

"By the way," he said, as he stood up to go, "when I come next—"

"To-morrow," interrupted Clara, looking up out of her violet eyes.

Mr. Mainwaring's face glowed all over with pleasure, and he went on beaming: "Well, to-morrow, I must bring a messmate of mine to introduce to you—Evelyn Darcy, my best friend, and the most charming fellow in the ship."

"Charming or not, we shall be delighted," replied Clara. "Of course he's a sailor."

"Well, no; that's exactly what he isn't," said Mr. Mainwaring; "but he's not a bad imitation of one. He's a water-gunner."

"A water-gunner!" exclaimed Maud, throwing up her head, and opening her eyes in amazement. "What sort of creature is that?"

"A creature of ship and shore—per mare, per terram, as the motto of his own corps declares," said Mr. Mainwaring laughing. "Evelyn Darcy, R. M. A. (Royal Marine Artillery), what else should he be but a water-gunner?—But I shall lose my boat, so I must say good-bye."

"You'll bring Mr. Darcy to luncheon, to-morrow, Arthur?" said Mrs. Brent, as she shook hands with him.

He promised, looked back for another smile and good-bye, and ran away to catch his boat.

Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Darcy were punctual next day; and the latter, from the first moment of his appearance, made a most favorable impression at Fern Villa; indeed, it could not well be otherwise, as his looks were singularly prepossessing. He was at least two inches taller than Mr. Mainwaring, who was himself above the middle height, was slight and elegant-looking, with a small head, and curling dark-brown hair. His features were straight and pale, but the slightest thing sent a sort of transient flush over them, like the flitting of a breeze on the water; while there was intellect if not genius on his brow; and he had dark, romantic-looking eyes, which had a way of drooping, like those of a shy child, when he was the least embarrassed. The children, Alfred and Carry, of respectively seven and five years old, were captivated by him at once; but perhaps his pretty undress uniform, his gold-edged forage cap, smart trousers striped with scarlet, and braided blue coat, had something to do with it. At all events, they could hardly take their eyes off him.

After luncheon, they went out and played croquet—Clara and Mr. Mainwaring against Mr. Darcy and Maud—while Mrs. Brent sat under a tree, and read or looked on; and the children interloped with balls and mallets of their own, and in the exciting crises of the game got scolded and chased away.

In one of the pauses of their play, when they were all talking together, some allusion was made to drawing, and Mr. Mainwaring said, turning to Maud: "I can tell you Darcy does something in that line; you should make him show you his sketches."

"Oh please, Mr. Darcy!" exclaimed Maud entreatingly.

"They are not worth your looking at," he replied with a faint blush; "but if you care—"

"Oh, yes!"

He smiled a little. "Well, then, when will you be at home again?"

"Any time to-morrow," said Maud.

"To-morrow, unfortunately, is my duty-day," he answered, looking up quickly.

"What is your *duty day*, Mr. Darcy?" inquired Maud with some surprise.

"Only that I have to stay in the ship, on duty, every other day."

"Oh, how tiresome!' cried Clara. "How glad I am that you are not so badly off, Arthur!" she whispered aside to Mr. Mainwaring.

Arthur smiled, but said nothing. Perhaps he was thinking of dismal night-watches, and sundry other sailorly offices, not quite so easy as Mr. Darcy's alternate duty days. They parted reluctantly at half-past four, feeling as if only an hour had passed; and Mr. Darcy promised to bring his portfolio to Fern Villa on Thursday, his next day on shore.

Thursday came, and brought Mr. Darcy, but, to Clara's great disappointment, he came alone. Poor Arthur had the afternoon watch that day, and could get no one to take it for him, so he had only to send a piteous message by his friend, and think of Clara on the bridge of the *Royal Edward*.

Mr. Darcy's drawings were really full of genius, and Maud was silent with almost childlike delight as she looked at them. There were water-color sketches, subdued in tone, and bold yet accurate in outline, taken in different parts of England and Scotland; there were highly-finished groups of fruit and flowers from nature; a beautiful etching of *Sultan* the pet Newfoundland on board the *Royal Edward;* and last, not least, some likenesses, in crayons, of some of the officers of the ship. Amongst these, to Clara's great pleasure, was a head of Mr. Mainwaring; it was slightly outlined, but had caught his best expression—his brave but sunny look—and Clara admired it so much that Mr. Darcy begged her to keep it, which she gladly consented to do on his assurance that he could at any time replace it with very little trouble.

At one time, as Mr. Darcy raised the portfolio to put something in a better light, a little sketch slipped out, and fluttered to the ground.

"Vesuvius!" exclaimed Maud, as her eye caught the well-known azure curve of the Bay of Naples, with the burning mountain in the background. But Mr. Darcy had stooped hastily, and put the sketch back out of sight in one of the recesses of the portfolio. "A mere daub," he said; "I will not show it to you;" but his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes bent on the ground as he spoke.

Maud looked at him with momentary surprise, and thought that he seemed singularly embarrassed about so slight a thing; but she was too much pleased and interested at the moment to take more than passing note of the circumstance, so that it soon slipped out of her mind, and was not remembered until afterwards.

When the collection of drawings was at last looked through, Maud said with a sort of sigh as Mr. Darcy closed the portfolio:

"How I wish I could paint so beautifully!"

"So you could, I am sure, if you would only try," he replied with earnestness.

"Oh, no!" she said smiling; "I am afraid I know better."

He looked at her eagerly. "Will you let me teach you?"

Maud blushed with pleasure. "Oh, how kind of you!" she exclaimed; "but—"

"You will try me as a master, then?" he interrupted smilingly.

"I should be delighted, if it did not give you too much trouble," she replied; "but you must ask my sister, Mrs. Brent."

Mrs. Brent was taken somewhat aback by the proposition, but after some consideration, she gave her consent to it. Of course, it would involve Mr. Darcy's being a great deal at the house, and a great deal with the girls, and they had known him such a short time; but then, he was Arthur's friend, introduced by him, and vouched for as being thoroughly nice in every way, which, indeed, no one who saw him could doubt for a moment; so that, on the whole, Mrs. Brent thought they could hardly see too much of him.

Mr. Mainwaring looking intensely amused when they told him, next day, of the drawing-lesson plan.

"I say, Darcy is coming out!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't they chaff him on board, if they knew!"

"Remember, you're not to tell," said Maud, holding up her finger impressively.

"No, I won't," he replied; "but I do call that coming it strong for Darcy. I never knew him go to see any one twice before."

"Are water-gunners generally hermits?" asked Maud, with an *espiegle* glance and a little toss of her head.

"Hermit-crabs," said Mr. Mainwaring, "for the shells they hide themselves in are ships, which belong to sailors, not to gunners."

The girls laughed, and then told him how much they admired Mr. Darcy's drawings. He looked quite as pleased and flattered as if they had been his own, and asked:

"Did he show you his Italian sketches?"

"No," replied Clara, "not one."

"Oh, yes!" said Maud; "there was a little view of Naples, but he said it was a daub, and would not let me see it."

"Why, they are his very best!" said Mr. Mainwaring surprised. "But Darcy's such a deep fellow, there is no getting to the bottom of him, quiet as he looks."

The drawing-lesson began immediately, and proved a source of great pleasure, and the motive of many charming walks and drives. Maud knew enough of painting to begin at once with nature-sketching, so that nearly all the instruction was carried on out of doors; and in that lovely summer weather, their artistic excursions to all the most picturesque parts of the country were full of many-colored delights to them all. Maud made rapid progress, and promised soon to rival her master, for she had great natural taste, and her faculties were quickened and exalted, as always happens when the path of knowledge or art is made smooth by pleasure and praise. Sometimes Clara and Mr. Mainwaring went with them; sometimes Mrs. Brent with one or both of the children; sometimes they walked; sometimes, when the distance was greater than usual, they drove in the pleasure, taking their luncheon with them, to save time. But save time as they would, the day was always too short; so short, that Mr. Darcy frequently lost his boat, and had to stay to dinner at Fern Villa—an occurrence not, however, unwelcome to any one concerned. So the merry days of June slipped by, and our two friends in the *Royal Edward*, as well as our two young ladies at Fern Villa, thought they had never before spent any so pleasant.

About this time, Mrs. Brent and her sisters began to plan a picnic at Rilbruff, a vacant country place about six miles distant, where regularly every season all the cold dinners of the neighborhood were consumed. It was not to be a stupid grand affair of sixty or seventy people in fine dresses, strangers to each other, who would meet for no other purpose than to spoil good clothes, a good dinner, and good or bad tempers—but a gathering of perhaps fifteen friends, most of whom would have some special source of amusement at the place selected: flower-gathering, fern-collecting, sketching or exploring the grounds. Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Darcy were of course in all their councils, and promised at least half-a-dozen from the *Royal Edward*.

The day came, and was all that a picnic day should be, neither raining nor excessively hot, bright, yet not broiling. Amongst those coming from the ship was Reginald Drew, a good-natured sub-lieutenant, whom Clara and Maud had known and liked when the *Royal Edward* was last in Brighthaven. He landed earlier than the others, as he had some business to transact on shore—probably a pair of new gloves to buy, to be spoiled subsequently in the woods and fields. But he had hardly left his boat, when he caught sight of a well-known figure, in the undress uniform of the Marine Light Infantry, lounging on the steps of the hotel, and apparently waiting for something to turn up in the way of amusement. It was Harry Harris, who, though only a few months in the ship, was already a special favorite both in the ward-room and gun-room, and had the reputation of being "great fun" and a "capital fellow." He was rather a short, and rather a square man, with the figure of thirty, and the face of two-and-twenty. He had bright, blue eyes dancing with fun, a merry smile, that showed a range of white and regular teeth, a fresh complexion, good features, and golden hair and moustache. On the whole, you could not well see a pleasanter face, even while he was standing there in his ennui at the hotel door.

"Hollos, Harris!" cried Mr. Drew, coming up. "You on shore! Where's Darcy?"

"Safe on board, as you might know without asking, seeing me here," was the laughing reply.

"But I thought he was going to this affair at Rilbruff," said Mr. Drew, astonished.

"Can't be, for he gave me the day, and here I am," replied the bright-eyed marine, carelessly.

"What makes him so civil?" inquired Mr. Drew, lowering his voice confidentially.

"I take what I get, and ask no questions," answered Mr. Harris, with a knowing look and a gleam of his white teeth.

"I tell you what, Harris," exclaimed Mr. Drew, struck with a sudden idea, "you shall come with me to the picnic to-day!"

"Nonsense! I don't know the people," replied Mr. Harris, with nonchalance.

"That's the very reason you should get to, for they're worth knowing," reasoned the sub-lieutenant. "Awfully nice, I can tell you, he added, with a gesture expressive of immense admiration.

Symptoms of relenting were visible in Mr. Harris.

"Couldn't go in this disguise," he said, looking at his uniform.

"Send a message on board for your clothes," suggested Mr. Drew, anxiously. "Do come, just for the lark, and I'll introduce you. Will you?"

Mr. Harris considered a moment:

"All right, old fellow!" he then exclaimed, joyously, and ran to the pier to send his orders on board.

Nothing could exceed the amazement of Mrs. Brent and the Misses Fitzwilliam when Mr. Mainwaring came up to them at Rilbruff with an apology from Mr. Darcy. Clara's eyes opened to their utmost with surprise, and Maud flushed and looked down, pouting with disappointment and vexation. When they had last seen him, he was full of pleasurable anticipation of the day; and now he capriciously turned his back on them without any reason—for the message he sent by Arthur, that "he was very sorry, but he should stay on board that day," had hardly the color of an excuse. Mr. Mainwaring did not understand it a bit more than they did, but looked serious and displeased as he told his tale. "Darcy should have come," he said, very gravely.

Just then, Reginald Drew came up, his good-humored face growing red and shy as he realized how bold he had been; but the deed was done, he thought; he was in for it now, and must go through it the best way he could.

"Miss Fitzwilliam," he began in some confusion, "I have ventured to bring a substitute for Darcy in my friend Mr. Harris."

"I am very glad indeed," said Clara, with a pleasant smile. "Is he from the ship?"

Her cordiality quite relieved Mr. Drew from his embarrassment.

"What!" he exclaimed, "never heard of Harry Harris, the best fellow in the *Royal Neddy!* But here he is to answer for himself. Mr. Harris—Miss Fitzwilliam; Miss Maud Fitzwilliam."

Maud bowed silently, some trace of annoyance still visible on her fair face; but Clara held out her hand frankly, and said:

"You are very welcome, Mr. Harris."

"I feel that I owe an apology," he began, with an open, fearless glance of his blue eyes, "for being here in Darcy's place; but it really is not my fault. I had not the remotest notion of the good-fortune in store for me when I left the ship this morning."

"I only wish we had you both," said Clara.

"But that's an impossibility!" he laughed. "We are two buckets in a well—one up, the other down—one on board, the other on shore. You might as well expect to see a man and his fetch at the same time, as to see Darcy and me here together!"

Maud was setting out to gather ferns with her little nephew, Alfred, when Mr. Harris ran after her, and asked if he might be allowed to assist.

"With pleasure!" said Maud, smiling faintly. "Do you know anything of ferns?"

"Nothing whatever," he answered boldly; "not even to say 'How do you do?' when I see one. Soldiers and sailors are dispensed from all kinds of knowledge except of dancing and drill. But if you will teach me, I might not find it impossible to learn."

Maud hesitated a little, and then asked, in her sweet silvery voice: "Which are you—a sailor or a soldier, Mr. Harris?"

"Neither, and both," he answered merrily. "My corps, I flatter myself, combines the best points of each service."

Maud's spirits were beginning to rally. "I wish you joy!" she exclaimed, making him a mock little courtesy. "What is this fortunate corps?"

"Royal Marine Light Infantry—at your service," was the laughing reply.

In the meantime, they had come to the place where ferns were most abundant; and Maud set her heart upon getting one which had perched itself near the root of a tree on the top of a high bank. Mr. Harris volunteered to bring it to her; and, after it had been pointed out to him, he scrambled with some difficulty up the bank, picked it, as he thought, with great skill, and came back in triumph.

But little Alfred exclaimed: "Why, that is not a fern at all!" And Maud laughed.

"Never mind, Mr. Harris," she said; "it's a little plant of argentina; and I'll put it in my collection as a curiosity, and label it 'The *Royal Edward* Fern!'"

Then Mr. Harris made a second scramble up to the roots of the beech-tree, and this time, brought back the right fern, for which he was rewarded with thanks and bright smiles.

It would take too long to describe all the doings of that day; suffice it to say, that the picnic at Rilbruff was remembered by every one there as one of the pleasantest they had ever known. They all returned to dance at Fern Villa; and after some very merry hours together, parted reluctantly at one o'clock in the morning.

That day was spent by Mr. Darcy in tormenting doubts and self-questionings. "Could it be," he asked himself over and over again, as he paced the deck with a clouded brow—"could it be that he was beginning to care for Maud Fitzgerald? And if so—if so—" But the consequence never got any further, nor would a satisfactory answer come, until the question had been put well-nigh a hundred times. The subject seemed to evade him as he tried to grapple with it, to disappear and reappear at its own pleasure, to slip from his mind as he thought of it, hour after hour—thought of it *ad nauseam*. But at last he forced himself to a decision, and it was one that set his mind comparatively at ease. It was *not* possible; he did *not* care for her except as a pleasant acquaintance; and there was no danger on the horizon. Then, with a lightened brow, he went below to dress, and made his appearance in the ward-room as they were all sitting down to mess. He glanced round the table, and was a shade surprised to see that Mr. Harris was not there. "Hardly fair of him," he thought half-consciously to himself, "if he means to let me in for his night-duty;" but the matter did not make very much impression on him. However, he was not allowed to forget it, for fat Mr. Dander, the Master of the ship, and commonly known on board as Old Dunderhead, announced that Harris had gone to that picnic affair at Rilbruff, and would hardly be on board, he supposed, all night.

Mr. Darcy gave him one quick glance, and a hot flush passed over his face. "He, of all men," he muttered between his teeth, as he pushed away his almost untasted plate.

The second inspection of the sentries was just concluded, when the picnic-party arrived on board the *Royal Edward* that night. Evelyn Darcy's thoughts, as he paced the deck in the darkness, were not of the pleasantest, nor was his greeting of his truant messmate as amiable as it should have been, but then, we must confess, that his temper had been sorely tried. Something hot, too, was said on the other side, so that they did not part very good friends, for which Mr. Harris was sorry when he came to think of it, as, after all, he had been more or less to blame; and he could not even offer him his day on shore, as a peace-offering, for he had promised to call at Fern Villa on the morrow.

The gun-room was full of speculation next day as to the cause of Mr. Darcy's absence from the picnic. Perhaps Mr. Harris, who, though belonging by right to the Upper Chamber, was a frequent *habitué* of the Lower, and loved to consort with noisy midshipmen and joyous sub-lieutenants, could have thrown some light on the subject, for his quick eye had caught the foreign post-mark of a letter which Mr. Darcy had received on the previous morning; but if he knew anything, he said nothing. Mr. Harris was an older acquaintance of Evelyn Darcy's than any one else in the ship, for they had been subalterns together in the Mediterranean, and it

was owing to an accident that they both found themselves in the *Royal Edward*, Mr. Harris having been only appointed to her on a death-vacancy a few months before. Rumor whispered that Evelyn Darcy would have preferred any other fellow-subaltern to his old messmate of the *Terrific*.

Mr. Harris did not omit his promised visit at Fern Villa the day after the picnic, and he made himself so agreeable, that the ladies there were even more delighted with him than they had been before. He chatted and laughed incessantly, and Clara and Maud were as lively as he was, so that an hour slipped by imperceptibly. Then little Alfred came running in in knickerbockers and rumpled hair, and Mr. Harris caught him and said:

"I am afraid this little fellow will never recover his respect for me after my blunder of yesterday.—I really must ask you," he went on, turning to Maud, "to take pity on my ignorance, and teach me to know a little better."

Maud laughed, and colored slightly.

"What do you say, Mrs. Brent?" he added appealingly. "May I come and be transformed into a fern-fancier, under Miss Fitzwilliam's tuition?"

Mrs. Brent replied smilingly:

"Come—to be sure, whenever you like."

"Say: 'Whenever you can,'" he put in gayly.

Just at this moment, the door opened, and Mr. Mainwaring was announced. Something like a shade of displeasure crossed his face when he saw who was there, but in a moment again he was all smiles, sat down, and began to talk. Soon, however, he pulled out his watch, and said gravely, looking at it:

"I say, Harris, if you're waiting for me, you'll lose your boat. I dine on shore to-day."

Mr. Harris took the hint, made his adieus, and hastened towards Brighthaven, thinking that he really had no time to lose. But when he reached the pier, hot and breathless with hurry, he found that the cutter had not yet arrived; so, with some good wishes for Mr. Mainwaring's officious attentions, he turned into the hotel, and consoled himself with a game of billiards before going on board.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLUE-PETER.

The next drawing-lesson was looked forward to not without trepidation, by both Maud and Mr. Darcy. The latter felt, naturally enough, guilty about the picnic, and doubtful of his reception; while Maud was half angry, half anxious that he should not have really grown tired of them, and given them up. But his appearance put an end at once to all doubts on this last point. He was a little embarrassed, but evidently repentant, and anxious to be taken back into the good graces of Fern Villa; and though his first reception was somewhat colder than usual, he bore the chill so patiently, and was so gentle and engaging, that he was soon as high in favor as ever. Not a word was said on either side about his unaccountable absence from Rilbruff, and when the first constraint had worn off, they were as pleasant as possible together. Just before he left, Mr. Darcy was talking about some piece of ship-news, in which Clara and Maud were always sure to be interested, and he asked:

"Did Mainwaring tell you?"

"No," said Maud; "though he was here yesterday when Mr. Harris—"

"Mr. Harris!" interrupted Mr. Darcy in a tone of astonishment, and almost of consternation.

Maud looked at him, and saw that there was a singular look of trouble on his face. Clara saw it too.

"Yes, Mr. Harris, of your ship," Maud explained.

"Oh, of course," he said slowly; and the subject dropped.

When he was gone, Clara said, looking after him as he passed down the avenue:

"Mr. Darcy does not seem greatly delighted at our knowing Mr. Harris, but that's the very reason why we'll see as much of him as ever we can."

"Why didn't he come to the picnic himself, and then we never should have known Mr. Harris?" said Maud a little pettishly.

"But I am very glad now he didn't!" exclaimed Clara, "for we shall have a charming game of *Box and Cox* with the two buckets in a well—Mr. Darcy with his drawing-lesson one day; Mr. Harris picking ferns the next; and neither shall imagine that we ever catch a glimpse of the other. Won't it be fun?"

Maud was delighted, but an objection suddenly occurred to her.

"Arthur will tell," she said, growing serious.

"Arthur shan't tell," replied Clara decisively; "he must promise me to keep it a state secret."

But Mr. Mainwaring did not enter into the joke with so much gusto as the girls could have wished. He put on a grave face, and required a great deal of threatening and coaxing before he would promise to tell no tales; however, he did promise at last, and they were so far satisfied with him.

Mr. Harris proved a most apt pupil, and after a few walks with the Misses Fitzwilliam, was already a finished fern-fancier. He set about making a collection of Brighthaven ferns, and bought a book, which he studied assiduously during his days in the ship, so that the strictest professor of botany would soon have found it difficult to puzzle him in the subject. All this time, Mr. Mainwaring kept his promise faithfully, though reluctantly; but Clara and Maud observed with great amusement that he was always more or less out of humor when Mr. Harris was with them, and that he always seized every opportunity of cutting short his stay, as he had done on his first visit. Sometimes he carried him off to make a call in the neighborhood; sometimes he delivered a message from somebody who wanted him on particular business (which, however, could have well afforded to wait); but Mr. Harris soon became very skillful in baffling his designs, and was not again to be so easily disposed of as he had been the first time.

Poor Mr. Darcy little knew, or even suspected, what went on on his duty-days, otherwise he would hardly have come so smilingly to Fern Villa day after day. It happened once that he and Maud sat and sketched on the very spot where Marine No. 2 had been gathering ferns the day before, and no familiar spirit, no magnetic influence, warned him that the spot had been decorated by the presence of a rival escort. Clara, however, did not forget it, for a half-smile stole over her face, and she cast a roguish glance at Maud, as much as to say: "Don't you remember?"

Maud colored, and bent her head over her drawing.

Another day, as they were preparing to go out, Clara asked him to bring *Sultan*, the Newfoundland, with him the next time, and he said: "Oh, to be sure. Have you never seen him?"

"Except in your sketch," put in Maud.

But little Carry Brent lisped out:

"Oh, Aunt Maud! I saw a big dog with a man on the road yesterday, while you were picking ferns with—"

Maud drew the child quickly towards her, laid her finger surreptitiously on her rosy lips, and said:

"Where is you doll, Carry dear?"

The puzzled child opened her eyes wide; she knew quite well that she had made a blunder, but could not divine what it was.

"Up-stairs, in her house," she replied, pouting and flushing a little.

But the hint had not been lost upon Mr. Darcy.

"I did not know you collected ferns," he said. "May I see your specimens?"

Maud rose reluctantly, and produced the book. Mr. Darcy himself, in her place, would have had coolness and skill to avoid showing it; but she got confused, and lost her presence of mind. She well remembered a certain little plant of argentina which was fastened into one of its pages, with the inscription underneath: "Mr. H. H.'s first Fern," and thought to herself, with a sort of amused dismay, that now the murder must out. However, she resolutely held the book in her own hands, and when she came to the dangerous place, managed dexterously to turn two pages together, and so avoid a discovery. Whether the manœuvre altogether escaped Mr. Darcy's remarkably quick eyes, may be doubtful; but, at all events, he let it pass, and said nothing.

But this sort of thing, pleasant as it was, could not go on for ever, and the end came in this way.

It was a beautiful day in July that Clara and Mr. Mainwaring, Maud and Mr. Harris, set out on one of their usual fern-hunting excursions. Both the gentlemen were rather silent and preoccupied, but the weather was so charming, and the country they passed through so pretty, that brilliant conversation was not required, and their deficiencies were hardly noticeable. At last they came to a shady lane, where ferns grew in thick and graceful profusion by the edge of a little brook. They set to work to look for some of the rarer specimens, for their collections, and then, when the scientific part of their task was concluded, Maud said she would make herself a little bouquet, and sat down on the bank to put it together, the others promising to find her the materials for it. Just then, a naval uniform appeared in sight coming down the lane, and the pretty little scene which met the eye of the wearer was evidently not thrown away upon him. It was quite a picture. Maud, with downcast eyes, and an intent look on her pretty round face, such as you seldom see except in children, was busily arranging her bouquet, while her hat, with its blue ribbons, was thrown carelessly on the green bank beside her, and a ray of sunshine stealing through the trees lit up her coronet of golden hair. Mr. Harris was standing near, supplying her with ferns as she wanted them—silent, but with an air of devotion which those who knew him best had seldom seen him wear. On the other side of the lane, Clara, with bright color and sparkling eyes, was pointing out with her parasol each fern that Arthur was to gather, and uttering little exclamations, half petulant, half playful, at his unskillful efforts to obey her behests. Poor Arthur was soiling his shining boots with plunging on stepping-stones into the muddy stream; his hat had been knocked off by the branch of a tree; his honest face was flushed with exertion, and after all, he generally emerged from the brook-side with a ragged, worm-eaten frond, instead of the green little beauty he had been ordered to procure. The owner of the naval uniform chuckled with amusement as he took in all the details of this little picture, then nodded to the officers, and passed on. It was no other than "Old Dunderhead."

As they were walking home, Mr. Mainwaring began after some minutes' silence, "Clara!"

"Well?" she said interrogatively, with one of her pretty, surprised looks up at him.

"I don't think," he went on, plunging with an effort into his subject—"I don't think all this is quite fair to poor Darcy."

"Arthur," she replied, "don't be disagreeable."

"I am not going to be disagreeable," he said with decision; "but I do *not* think it fair. You see as well as I do how devoted he is to Maud, and I must say it's more than she deserves if she goes on encouraging Harris in this way. Can't she take her choice fairly between the two, and have done with all this nonsense?"

"Oh, what a lovely lecture!" exclaimed the incorrigible Clara. "But, Arthur," she continued, "that's the joke. Don't you know we're playing *Box and Cox*?"

An angry flush rose in his face, and he said hastily: "I don't like it, Clara, and I won't have it."

"Mr. Mainwaring!" she exclaimed, coloring and drawing back with genuine astonishment and indignation.

"I don't like it, and I won't have it," he repeated sternly.

Clara walked away from him to the other side of the road, and was silent for some time, keeping her head down, and poking at the ground with the tip of her parasol as she went along. At last she said slowly, without lifting her eyes: "Then I don't like *you*, and I won't have *you*."

"My dear Clara!" exclaimed poor Arthur, quite taken aback by this announcement.

"No," she went on, still never looking at him, "there's an end of it now. I'll send you back your letters when I get home."

A sudden flush of indignation lit up Mr. Mainwaring's face, and a reddish glow came into his hazel eyes. "Very good," he said, shortly and sternly; and then they walked towards home, sulking and silent, with anger in their hearts.

Their gestures, and the very expression of their shoulders, would have made the quarrel legible enough to the couple who came a little way behind, but that they were too much absorbed in their own conversation to take note of anything besides. Mr. Harris had begun to speak with an earnestness very different from his usual gay manner, and before Maud knew or imagined what was coming, he had made her a most serious, almost a passionate proposal.

"Oh, Mr. Harris!" she exclaimed, in a sort of consternation, "I never thought of this!"

His face fell, and he said in a low voice: "Can you then say nothing pleasant to me?"

"I am afraid not," she answered, almost in a whisper.

"At least you may tell me," he went on with a sparkle that was almost fierce in his blue eyes—"at least you may tell me if I have been forestalled."

He paused, but Maud was silent, and her eyes were on the ground.

Her silence stung him, and his brow darkened, and his voice took an angry tone as he continued: "Because, if it's Darcy," he said, "he has no right on earth—" He stopped in embarrassment, and flushed to the roots of his hair; even his eyes were so full of confusion that for some minutes he could not venture to look up.

But Maud now lifted her head, and spoke with firmness. "You have not been forestalled, Mr. Harris," she said, "and I do not see why Mr. Darcy's name should be mentioned at all in the matter.—But we shall be as good friends as ever," she added in a softer voice—"shan't we?"

"Thank you," murmured Mr. Harris, feeling more miserable than he had ever been before in his life.

By a sort of tacit agreement, they quickened their pace so as to overtake the couple in front, who were also not ill-pleased to have their uncomfortable *tête à tête* interrupted. But to all four it seemed as if Fern Villa had been removed to an indefinite distance, and as if their walk, which had begun so pleasantly, would never come to an end. All things do, however, sooner or later; so at last the gentlemen had made their constrained adieus, and the ladies were at liberty to reflect upon what had occurred. Maud ran up to her room, and closed the door; then throwing her hat from her on the bed, she began walking up and down with hands clasped together. What a thoughtless, vain, miserable little fool she must have been, she thought, in her self-reproach, when it had come to this! Was this the end of all their amusement, to have given so much pain? for Mr. Harris's evident distress had really touched her deeply. If, indeed, it had been the other, perhaps her answer might have been different; but this idea, though probably latent in her mind, was not acknowledged, far less expressed even to herself.

Clara, too, light-hearted as she was, did not escape some shade of remorse for her treatment of Arthur. But, after all, was it not his own fault? Had he not begun by being prosy and stupid, and ended by being cross and disagreeable? And if he made himself unpleasant now, what would he be afterwards? So she managed with tolerable calmness to make his letters and little presents into a parcel, to be sent to him on the first opportunity, and flattered herself, in the midst of her pique and pride, that she was acting most discreetly, and with a wise regard to her future happiness.

It would be hard to meet in the course of a long summer day two more moody and dissatisfied-looking men than the two officers as they made their way to Brighthaven pier—Mr. Harris swinging his cane with an uncompromising air, half sullen, half defiant—Mr. Mainwaring striding along with his hands in his pockets, and without even the consolation of his accustomed cigar. Poor Arthur! he was indeed deeply wounded, and his bright ideal of female perfection was dashed suddenly to the ground. He had dreamed that women were angels, he waked to find them capricious flesh and blood, and the discovery just took the rose-tint off the clouds, and made things look a little bleak.

If Mr. Dunder had been anybody else than "Old Dunderhead," he would have seen that day at mess that any future time would be more appropriate for his little joke than the present; but being who he was, he began with considerable glee: "I say, Harris, I didn't know you were such a hand with the ladies," he said in a jovial voice, that was half strangled by his neckstock, but made a shift to half choke the proprietor instead, as it came out. "That was a pretty sight I stumbled upon to-day. 'Belay that, my boy!' said I to myself coming down the road." Here he chuckled and coughed with no small amount of self-satisfaction. "Ah, you're a knowing one!" he went on, when he had cleared his throat again; "you managed to give Mainwaring the worst of it, leaving him to dredge for weeds in a muddy tide-way!" But here he had to stop, as his joke was so evidently ill received, that even "Old Dunderhead" could carry it no further. Mr. Harris had given him a fiery glance or two, and was secretly stamping under the table; Mr. Mainwaring was crimson to the brow with anger and confusion; Mr. Darcy—for he too was one of the listeners—had turned deadly pale.

Later in the evening, when some of the officers were smoking on deck, while others remained in the ward-room, Mr. Darcy took an opportunity of saying a few words in private to Mr. Harris. He began in a measured voice that was full of suppressed passion: "I did not know, Mr. Harris, that you were in the habit of walking with the Misses Fitzwilliam?"

Mr. Harris turned round, and flashed an angry answer upon him. "Of all men living," he exclaimed, "you have the least right to ask or to care!"

A momentary crimson passed over Mr. Darcy's face, and left him again pale as ashes. "I know my own private affairs," he said in a deep tone of self compelled calmness, "and do not need to be reminded of them by any one."

"They sometimes seem marvellously to escape your memory," Mr. Harris sneered angrily.

This was too much for Evelyn Darcy's self-control. He started, as if stung, and drew himself up to his full height. "Do you mean to insult me?" he exclaimed indignantly.

"I do *not* mean to insult you," replied Mr. Harris in a calmer tone, remembering, hot as he was, that an open quarrel had better be avoided; "but I mean to say that silence may cease to be a point of honor with me."

"I believe I can judge of my own honor," muttered Mr. Darcy, as he turned away from him.

He turned away from him a miserable man, for he could no longer conceal from himself that he cared for Maud Fitzwilliam, not as a "pleasant acquaintance," but as the only thing in life worth living for.

Three whole days went by, during which no one from the *Royal Edward* appeared at Fern Villa, and the Misses Fitzwilliam did not know what to think of it. The good ship might have gone down at her moorings, "with all her crew complete," like the *Royal George*, for anything they saw or heard of her officers; but there she was, riding securely in the bay, with her taper masts and black metallic hull, looking a great deal more like mischief than misfortune. There was some intelligible reason for Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Harris staying away, but what had become of Mr. Darcy? His sketching-day came, and they waited in for him all day; but he neither came nor sent, and his conduct seemed perfectly inexplicable. It was on Monday they had taken that walk, so fatal to the peace of mind of the party; and at last, on Friday, Mr. Harris made a reappearance, as smiling, as bright-eyed, as merry as ever, with no allusion to what had passed in his words, and no trace of it in his manner. He had been a voluntary exile from Fern Villa for one entire day off duty, involving the best part of a week, and had found it excessively slow being dignified; so he had thought to himself: "She said we should be as good friends as ever, and, by Jove! I don't see why we shouldn't." Then he came—the same joyous Harry Harris who had lost his heart to Maud—the same, but with a difference—for now all his attentions were devoted to Clara; and Clara was not ill-pleased. She had given up Mr. Mainwaring, and Mr. Mainwaring, it seemed, had given her up. Mr. Harris was very pleasant, and she did not see why she should snub him.

Nearly a week passed, and Maud grew more perplexed and unhappy every day. What did Mr. Darcy mean by cutting them in this way? Was he offended, or was he ill? She would not condescend to ask a question about him, but she thought of him incessantly; and I am disposed to think that he was not less unhappy, and perhaps with better reason, than she was. Then, one Wednesday evening, news came to the ship that they were to sail for Spithead to pay off, the following Friday. To Arthur Mainwaring and Evelyn Darcy, this news was a shutting out of all hope; for hard as it would be to part under any circumstances, to part without a kind word or a fond look from those whose remembrance they prized almost more than life itself, they felt to be intolerably bitter.

On Thursday morning, the *Times* was, as usual, laid on the ward-room table, and Mr. Harris was the first to take it up. Hardly had he glanced at it, when he uttered a long low whistle, and threw the paper across to Mr. Darcy, pointing to a particular paragraph, and muttering something in Italian about "*matrimonio*" and "*promessa sposa*."

As Mr. Darcy read, everything in the room seemed to swim round and round; Mr. Dunder and the first-lieutenant, Mr. Harris and Mr. Mainwaring, the breakfast-table and the skylight, the bulk heads and the cabin doors, seemed to melt into one confused mass before his eyes, and but for the stern necessity for concealing his emotions before so many unsympathising spectators, he could hardly have kept up the usual appearance of conventional indifference. But long habits of self-restraint came to his assistance; and after a few minutes, during which his downcast eyes and compressed lips alone showed that any unusual feeling was stirring him, he was able to look Mr. Harris calmly in the face, as he handed him back the *Times*, and to answer his keen glance of mockery with a grave nod.

The announcement which had touched him so deeply was as follows: "On the 15th inst., at the Chapel of the British Consulate, and the Church of St. Teresa, Naples, Henry, eldest son of Sir Laurence Willoughby, of Willoughby Park, Herts. Bart., to Giulia, only daughter of the late Alessandro, Conte di Pescara."

Three years before, when Mr. Darcy and Mr. Harris were in the Mediterranean, the *Terrific* had been anchored for a month in the Bay of Naples; only for one month, and yet the time was long enough for Evelyn Darcy, then an imaginative boy of twenty, to fall desperately in love with Giulia Pescara, a beautiful Italian girl of noble family, but somewhat reduced circumstances, to whom an accident had introduced him. He thought himself the happiest man in the world when she promised to become his wife, though, of course, the engagement should necessarily be a long one, especially as Mr. Darcy was a minor, under his father's will, until he reached the age of twenty-five. Five years' constancy not only seemed to him possible, but change, though he lived to the age of Methuselah, appeared out of the question. But the hour of parting came, and they met for the last time in the gardens of the Villa Reale. In that perfumed air, under the fair southern sky, the time slipped away so quickly, that it was absolutely necessary they should part before many minutes seemed to have elapsed. Then Giulia drew forth an exquisite miniature of herself, set in pearls, and with a tender glance of her long languid eyes, and a pathetic "*Non mi scordar*," she put it into Mr. Darcy's hands. He pressed it fervently to his lips, and was uttering vows of eternal constancy, when a rustling sound was heard. Antonietta whispered hurriedly: "*Badate; ecco un signore!*" and emerging from some orange trees which concealed a turn in the path, Mr. Harris stood before them. His merry eyes flashed a pleasant smile as he passed on; and in another moment Mr. Darcy had said a few hasty words of farewell to his dark-eyed *fiancée*, and overtaken him.

"You know my secret now," he exclaimed, "and I trust to you to keep it. She is the dearest and best girl in the world, and she has promised to be my wife."

Though unusual, it was at that time not impossible for the two subalterns to be on shore together, as they had a married captain of marines in the *Terrific*, who showed them indulgence on an occasion, and thus it happened that Mr. Harris was in Mr. Darcy's confidence. But the secret, instead of being a bond of union between them, proved rather a source of distrust and estrangement; for a confidant, not of one's own choosing, is the last person to develope into a friend. Mr. Darcy felt the never-ending *gêne* of being thrown into constant intercourse with one who knew more of him than he would have chosen to reveal, and to whom, as he felt instinctively, the revelation was but a disclosure of folly. Their dispositions, naturally opposite, grew daily more and more antagonistic, and Mr. Harris's keen good sense degenerated into cynicism, when contrasted with the hidden romance of Evelyn Darcy's more ardent temperament. So they had parted without regret on the paying off of the *Terrific*, and met without pleasure, when an accident again brought them together in the *Royal Edward*.

And during these three years, how had it fared with the constancy of the lovers? It is not in human nature to be faithful for ever to the absent or the dead, and this lesson Mr. Darcy learned by experience that was very bitter to him. He had done his best—he had kept out of society lest her image should be weakened in his mind; he had written and thought of her constantly, and yet he felt, with a cold chill of disappointment, that his love for his Giulia was oozing out at the tips of his fingers, and that he could not keep it from flying, do what he would. Then he had met Maud Fitzwilliam, and taken pleasure in seeing and being with her, without any thought at all on the subject, until the morning of the picnic at Rilbruff, when one of Giulia's letters—now few and far between—had arrived. This compelled him to reflect upon his position, and he remained on board, as we have seen, in perplexity and self-torment as to his real feelings. However, these doubts again passed away, and everything went on as before, until that fatal day of the walk to the ferny brook-side, when Mr. Dunder's *mal à propos* speech at mess had raised such a storm of jealousy within him that he could no longer conceal from himself that he was faithless to his Italian love; and nothing remained for him but to see Maud no more, and to compel, if he could, his allegiance back to where it was due. But this effort at least was spared him; for three weeks after she wrote her last letter to Evelyn Darcy, Giulia Pescara married the English baronet's heir, and thus finally cut the knot, perhaps guessing that she did her first lover no grievous wrong by so doing.

Before Mr. Harris left the ship (for it was his day off duty,) Mr. Darcy came up to him, and he now scarcely attempted to conceal his agitation.

"Can you let me have an hour or two on shore to-day?" he said, looking at him eagerly.

"Doesn't look like it," was the careless reply: "the ship sails to-morrow."

"I know, I know," Mr. Darcy went on, in a voice that trembled with anxiety; "but I have urgent business."

"I have business too," answered Mr. Harris, unmoved.

"But my business," exclaimed the other, passionately, "is almost of life and death to me."

There was an inexorable light, however, in Mr. Harris's keen eyes.

"I expect mine is just as much of life and death as yours," he said, coolly, and went on, turning on his heel. "But I must be off; the boat is alongside." Then he looked back, and added, with a twinkling eye and a curl of his yellow moustache: "I say, try pen and ink; 'twill do just as well."

He went; and Evelyn Darcy was left a prisoner in the ship, chafing impatiently at the thought that now he must go, leaving Maud to think of him unkindly, if at all, when with a clear conscience he could look in her face, and tell her the story of his love.

Mr. Harris, when he announced at Fern Villa that the *Royal Edward* was to sail next day, had at least the satisfaction of creating a sensation. Maud had secretly nourished hopes that sooner or later Mr. Darcy would come back, and explain the sudden and silent cessation of his visits. Clara fully expected that, little as she deserved it, Arthur would come to see her, and say a parting word before he left; and every time the door opened, she felt her heart give a little leap of expectation; but the day passed on, there was no sign of him, and her anxiety changed gradually to anger.

All this time, Mr. Harris was assiduous in his attentions; during that whole day, he never left her side; and before he went, he made her a proposal, which she, in her pique and anger at Arthur's absence, actually accepted—accepted, indeed, in a doubtful, coquettish sort of way, but still she said "Yes," and not "No."

Next morning (Friday) about eleven o'clock, Maud was standing sad and listless at the drawing-room window, when a tall figure emerged from the laurel-bushes of the avenue, and she saw in a moment, with a thrill of delight, that it was Mr. Darcy. He came in smiling, though agitated. Maud thought he might have apologised for his absence, and need not have looked so happy when he was going away; but he did not leave her long in doubt about his feelings, for while Mrs. Brent and Clara were talking at one end of the room, he drew her quietly into the recess of a window, and there, in low, passionate tones, poured forth his tale, and asked her to take Giulia Pescara's place. Nor did she disdain to do so.

But what was Clara thinking of? Was she happy in what she had done? She was truly miserable: she almost hated Mr. Harris for having drawn her into accepting him; and she longed more and more just to see Arthur even for one moment, if it were only to know that he was angry with her. Maud and Mr. Darcy had gone out to walk in the garden; Mrs. Brent was nominally with them, but really engaged in trying to keep the children from eating unripe apples, so that Clara was left alone in the drawing-room. She sat crouching in the corner of a sofa, her face buried in her hands, and was so lost in bitter thoughts, that she did not hear the door open, and a footstep approach; nor even when somebody came and stood patiently beside her, did she raise her eyes for some minutes. When she at length did so, and saw who it was, she uttered a subdued cry, and sprang up, with burning cheeks, and a keen sense of self-reproach at her heart.

"Arthur, forgive me!" she exclaimed, in a low voice.

He comforted her tenderly; and then they sat down, both supremely delighted to be friends once more. Nevertheless, it was not without a start of surprise that Arthur heard Mr. Harris's name in connection with her, and a cloud gathered on his brow when she confessed the whole of her iniquity. "But, Arthur dear," she pleaded, "you know I did not half mean it; I was only vexed with you. Won't you tell him that I did not mean it?"

He promised; and even that was forgiven. In a couple of hours more, those on board the *Royal Edward* had caught their last glimpse of the sunny terraces of Brighthaven, as the headlands outside closed their arms upon the friendly harbor.

It was not without considerable embarrassment that Arthur Mainwaring approached the subject of Miss Fitzwilliam's intentions with Mr. Harris; but the latter put an end to all awkwardness by shaking his rival cordially by the hand, and saying in a voice that had no trace of blighted love in it: "All right, old fellow! I wish you joy. I knew very well how it was all the time, and I tell you what it is: I'd rather have the fun of cutting out any other fellow than you, Mainwaring. Now, if it was Darcy, I shouldn't mind a bit."

Mr. Mainwaring not only got his step when the ship paid off, but was appointed Inspecting Commander of Coastguards as well, so that his marriage with Clara Fitzwilliam took place without delay, and was all that a marriage should be. Mr. Darcy and Maud were best man and first bridemaid on the occasion; and though the second wedding has not come off yet, I do not think there is any danger of the engagement terminating so disastrously as Mr. Darcy's first, for the wedding-day is fixed for his twenty-fifth birthday, when he comes in for his property, a very handsome one, in Devonshire.

Mr. Harris is at present stationed at Chatham, and I have reason to think is not ill-pleased that his proposals at Brighthaven were not more fortunate, since he finds it far jollier in barracks without a wife, especially as his purse is not a deep one.

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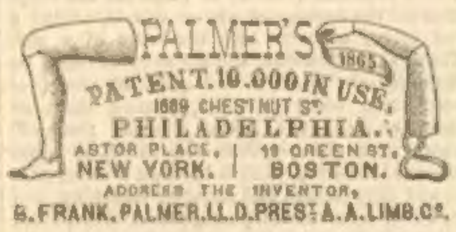

These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

"WHAT 25 CENTS WILL DO!"

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FOR SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

Men, Women and Children can make money by acting as our Agents.

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Entirely different in every respect from anything heretofore offered.

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A. J. HOYT & CO.,

NO. 308 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

And enclose a three cent stamp, by return mail a Catalogue will be sent, giving the particulars of an entirely new business that any one can engage in—without cost. my4-4t

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
my18-3m Parkman, Ohio.

$25 A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents. O. T. GARDNER, Biddeford, Maine.
mar9-3m

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

(Established, 1861)

Is endorsed by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, Orange Judd, Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, New York City, Daniel Curry, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D. D., Editor.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D. D., Editor.

EVANGELIST, New York City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors.

EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE, New York City, Edward Bright, Editor.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, E. S. Porter, D. D., Editor.

INDEPENDENT, New York City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher.

TRIBUNE, New York City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business; as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club lists in former editions of the leading papers of the country.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE GREATLY REDUCED.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, than consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American Houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

First: The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their Houses in China.

Second: The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Tea.

Third: The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

Sixth: The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

Seventh: The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer, at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

Eighth: The Retailer sells it to the Consumer, for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green & Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best, $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Coffee Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.
No. 640 BROADWAY, corner Bleecker street.
No. 461 EIGHTH AVE., north corner 34th street.
No. 299 SPRING STREET.
No. 205 FULTON ST., Brooklyn, corner Concord st.
No. 193 GRAND STREET, Williamsburg.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitable among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package and directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collection delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

CLUB ORDER.

Homer, Winona Co., Minn. Feb., 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Gentlemen: The Box of Tea came to hand all right, and has given general satisfaction as the accompanying order will show. I hope the next time to increase the list still more.

Very respectfully, C. W. MERRITT.

2 lb.	Best Green	E. B. Hoffman	at $1 25	$2 50
2	Best Young Hyson	Patrick May	at 1 25	2 50
3	" "	S. Eldridge	at 1 25	3 75
1	Best Japan	C. Richardson	at 1 25	1 25
1	"	"	at 1 00	1 00
1	Best Oolong	Jacob Beach	at 1 00	1 00
2	Best Japan	Wm. Chalmers	at 1 25	2 50
2	Best Young Hyson	S. M. Fall	at 1 25	2 50
2	Best Green	Tom Gallup	at 1 25	2 50
1	"	N. B. Sandford	at 1 25	1 25
1	Best Young Hyson	W. Harrison	at 1 25	1 25
2	Best Imperial	S. A. Alling	at 1 25	2 50
3	Best Japan	"	at 1 25	3 75
5	"	S. H. Brunell	at 1 25	6 25
5	Best Young Hyson	"	at 1 25	6 25
1	"	Mrs. Grass	at 1 25	10 00
1	Best Oolong	Mr. Gates	at 1 00	1 00
				$31 55

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to us.

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name. The numbers of our House are advertised above.

TAKE NOTICE.—Clubs and quantity buyers are only furnished from our Wholesale and Club Department.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City. ap27-1f

BOOK AGENTS WANTED,

To solicit orders in each town in the United States and Canada, for the most popular subscription book ever published, being

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,

by John Kitto, D.D., F. S. A.; edited by the Rev. Alvan Bond, D.D., of Norwich, Conn. Over 700 closely printed Royal Octavo pages; more than 100 full page engravings. Recommended by the leading clergy of all denominations of Christians. 53,000 copies already printed. Six large power-presses running on the work. Everybody wants it. Experienced Agents say they never knew a book sell so well. No competition. Experienced Agents, School Teachers, Sabbath-School Teachers, Retired Clergymen, and others, are wanted to introduce this Great Work into every household in the land. For Circulars, &c., apply immediately to the Publisher.

my4-3m HENRY BILL, Norwich, Conn.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT APRIL 28th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 25 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, also at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 631 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8 00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.30	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1 00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5 30	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7 30	"
ERIE MAIL	7 30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11 00	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Cincinnati Express leaves daily, except Sunday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.00	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express and Fast Line arrive daily, except Monday.

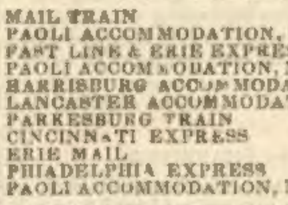
Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to

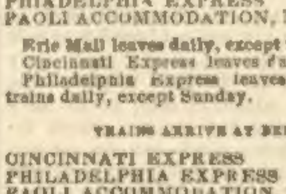
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-tf No. 137 Dock Street.



Old Eyes

MADE NEW, *easily, without doctor or medicines*, sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.



COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y. feb9-cow17t

ALL WANTING FARMS.—GOOD SOIL, Mild Climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. ap27-3m

500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. E. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine. mar9-3m

A WORD ABOUT

AMERICAN WATCHES,

Made at WALTHAM, MASS.

AFTER A THOROUGH TRIAL OF MORE THAN TEN YEARS, the time-pieces manufactured by the American Watch Co., of Waltham, Mass., have gained a firm hold upon the favor of the public, and now, no less than 200,000 of them are speaking for themselves in the pockets of the people. From a very insignificant beginning the business has increased until we are justified in stating that WE MAKE MORE THAN ONE HALF of all the watches sold in the United States. Repeated enlargement of our factory buildings, and the labor of 600 operatives still find us unable to supply the constantly increasing demand.

We make now five different grades of watches, named respectively as follows:

Appleton, Tracy & Co.,	Waltham, Mass.
Waltham Watch Company,	Waltham, Mass.
P. S. Bartlett,	Waltham, Mass.
Wm. Ellery,	Boston, Mass.
Home Watch Company,	Boston, Mass.

All of these, with the exception of the Home Watch Company, are warranted by the American Watch Company to be of the best material, on the most approved principle, and to possess every requisite for a reliable time keeper. Every dealer selling these Watches is provided with the Company's printed card of guarantee, which should accompany each Watch sold, so that buyers may feel sure that they are purchasing the genuine article. There are numerous counterfeits and imitations of our Watches sold throughout the country, and we would caution purchasers to be on their guard against imposition.

The silver cases used are warranted to be silver equal to coin, and weigh from two to six ounces, having either gold or silver joints. Gold joints are considered the most durable, and on a case of three ounces or upwards are very desirable. The gold cases are always warranted as represented, and of the best workmanship and style of finish.

The American (Waltham) Watches have been before the public and thoroughly tested for thirteen years, and among many thousands now worn and subjected to all kinds of usage daily, we claim that there are but few of the large number which do not give entire satisfaction. Remember and ask your jeweler for the Waltham Watch.

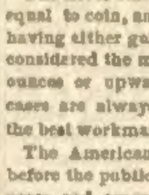
We desire to caution all against the numerous counterfeits of our Watches; also inferior watches of American manufacture, and also those made partly in Switzerland and partly in this country, and which cannot be as good as those made under one roof and one supervision.

Our Watches have now an established reputation throughout the country. They have been thoroughly tested, and proved to be good. Whoever buys other American Watches must take all the risk of a new experiment.

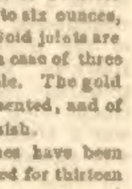
We wish to call especial attention to our three-quarter plate Watch, named Appleton, Tracy & Co., which we believe is, for a gentleman's use, unsurpassed by that of any manufacture in the world. Its excellence consists in its size and thickness, its beauty of proportion, and, which is of more consequence than all the rest, its perfection as a time-keeper.

Any grades of Waltham Watches may be purchased of Watch Dealers throughout the country.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
182 Broadway, New York,
ap30-cow3t GENERAL AGENTS.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

A CANVASS OF THE UNION

proves that the most successful candidate for general favor ever placed before

The People,

is that pure and salubrious vegetable beautifier,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

Far and wide, throughout the restored republic, in defiance of rivalry and competition, it appeals

TO THE POLLS!

of all who design to clothe the same with the magnificent black or brown hues which nature has denied, or age stolen away.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.
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BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Our theory: Local disease, whether of the stomach and bowels, enlargement of the joints, rheumatic pains, cutaneous eruptions, even dyspeptic complaints, boils, or whatever form such local disease puts on, are so many "PROOFS" of a disordered state of the blood and bowels, which

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

correct and cure. EXPERIENCE and 40,000 certificates say this is so. B. BRANDRETH.
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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, single copies, free of charge, may be had of the author.

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y.
Book Agents wanted. mh30-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Clerical Anecdote.

The Rev. Samuel Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "wild man," was very popular in Western Virginia some twenty years ago. He was cross-eyed and wiry made, and very dark skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly eloquent, always excitable, and occasionally extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, Rev. Mr. R, a prominent pastor, in a visit to a colored church. Mr. R gave the colored preacher the hint, and, of course, Clawson was invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon set the impulsive Africans to shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawson to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to take the hands of the colored brethren and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then, pressing through the crowd, he found Brother R; and, sitting down beside him, he threw his arm around his neck, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said: "Brother R, I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have."

"Well, well," said Brother R., "you come so near it that you needn't cry about it."

Slightly Mixed.

Major General Joseph L. Bartlett is a native of Binghamton, and his military career from the period he left his home as a private in the Twenty-Seventh regiment, under the command of Col. Slocum, until he won his present rank, was watched with peculiar pride and interest by his friends and neighbors. His recent appointment as minister to Stockholm furnishes the text of a good story. His brother, it must be remembered, is the Rev. William Alvin Bartlett of the Union Place Congregational Church, Brooklyn. When the news of the general's appointment reached Binghamton a party of his friends were collected together, among whom was a blacksmith, prosperous and respected, who seemed puzzled by the announcement, as his comment therein proves.

"Joe! Joe a minister! Why, Joe hasn't any more religion than I have! Why didn't they send Bill!"

Remarkable Intelligence.

The following instance of remarkable intelligence was related to us a day or two since. We might possibly believe it, were the person who figured in the transaction any other than a cotton merchant of this city. Said merchant owned a lot of cotton down in North Carolina, which he went out to look after a short time ago. Arriving on the spot, he inquired of a gentleman what he would gin the cotton for. The reply was that he would gin it for the usual toll of one-twelfth. "Too high," responded the merchant; "I can get it ginned at Enfield at one-eighth." "One-eighth?" spoke up a third party who had evidently been an interested listener to the colloquy. "Why, I'll do it for one-sixth." Report says the offer of the last bidder was accepted without ceremony. The value of fractions does not, as would appear from this little incident, seem to be universally understood.—*Petersburg Express.*

An amusing story is now going the rounds of of a well-known Boston clergyman, who, though a most estimable man, has less regard for appearances than most of his brethren. Not long ago, the genial humorist, conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, went into the bar-room of the Tremont House and ordered a snifter. By some mistake he appropriated the glass of an individual near him whose conversation and appearance stamped him as what Artemus Ward would have called a "carnal cuss." Looking fiercely at the mild-eyed minister, he exclaimed, with an oath, "That was my horn you drank." "Ah, my friend," replied the reverend monitor, "does not the Scripture say 'the horn of the ungodly man shall be put down?'" It was a repartee worthy of Sydney Smith, and being delivered with the dignity befitting the solemnity of the occasion, produced a marked impression.

Distinction Without a Difference.—The following difference of opinion between witness and counsel was exhibited in a hog case on trial in one of our courts recently, in which the plaintiff sought to recover of the defendant, a railroad company, the value of a lot of hogs which died through the alleged negligence of the defendants in not providing proper transportation:

Counsel—"Do you think the car was too crowded?"

Witness—"No; the car was too small for the number of hogs there was in it."

Counsel—"There were not too many hogs in the car, but the car was too small for the hogs?"

Witness—"Yes, sir."

Pop.—A little girl of my acquaintance, whose parents are Protestants, attends a Catholic Sunday-school. On one occasion the priest was present, and, as was his wont, he questioned the pupils, who, in answering, all replied, "Yes, father," or "No, father," as the case might be. The little girl in question always called her father "Pop," at home; so when the priest came to her and asked, "Did she like to come to school?" she naively replied, "Yes, Pop!" which created much merriment, and elicited a faint smile from the holy "Pop" himself.

A little boy, walking out with his papa last week, met the Rev. D. H. Miller, of the First Baptist Church in Trenton, New Jersey. After his papa and Mr. Miller had talked a little while, the little boy looked up at Mr. Miller, who is a very tall gentleman, and said—"Mr. Miller, doesn't your head feel giddy and dizzy?"

"Why, my dear child?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Because I thought it would, away up there, so high from the ground."

A gouty gentleman was one night sitting alone by his parlor fireside, when a well-dressed man came very civilly into the room, and said, "Sir, I observe your servant is just gone to the ale-house, and has carelessly left your street-door open. Now, how easy it would be for any rascal to come in and blow out these two wax candles, thus! and thus! and run away with this heavy pair of silver candlesticks," which he accordingly did, without waiting for a reply.

☞ At Erie, Pennsylvania, the gas is so bad that the boy who puts the lights out in the streets carries a lantern about to find the posts.

☞ The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practising on a saddle of mutton.

GERMAN COURTSHIP.

Carl August Schlummerkopf and Gretschen Josephine Herzlieb have plighted troth, and announced the fact, by means of printed cards, to all their friends. Behold a scene of never-by-sordid-worldly-interests-to-be-disturbed-or-ever-in-after-life-to-be-forgotten bliss! The Rhine is flowing calmly by to the German Ocean. Johann-Atolf (Gretschen's brother, and Carl's bosom friend) is singing a Volks-lied to a sweet accompaniment. Carl's mother is lifting up her voice in harmony, as she sits and knits peacefully. All around are friends—happy friends!

They will come and sit like this every fine evening for the next ten years—in fact, till Carl is in a position to marry; and then he will marry somebody else.

(The faithful Johann-Atolf has not yet troth-plighted: music, poetry, philosophy, and friendship have hitherto sufficed to fill his heart; but should any fair American maiden, tempted by the happiness we have essayed to depict, wish to make his acquaintance, with a view to mutual interchange of vows, we shall be most happy to manage an introduction.)

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Early Cultivation of Crops.

The earlier we begin to cultivate children, the better men and women we are likely to make of them. So with all crops that require weeding, hoeing, and tilling. Early culture is a necessity of their best development and largest produce. Late culture is of little service beyond the extermination of grass and weeds. Hoeing, digging, and ploughing plants after their fruit is set, adds little to their growth or yield. It is much like sending gray beards to primary schools—they are little benefitted by it. In making the best crop of potatoes, frequent and thorough cultivation is important, beginning early and continuing until they begin to bloom. Then, if they are not foul with weeds they are better let alone.

With almost all the root crops, and most of all, with cabbages, early culture is everything. Late ploughing and hoeing nothing, or next to nothing. With corn, broom-corn, sorghum, and all other plants that put on hard shells of silica, the cultivation should all be performed previous to the plants coming into blossom. Late weeding and cleaning the ground may be a necessity. But twice cultivating corn after the ears are set and tassles out, is time and labor thrown away. Those who will make an experiment with a few rows this season, may learn what course is best to pursue always in the future.

Planting Strawberries.

The popular opinion among the majority of people who are not professional *berryists*, as well as among many who are, is that from early spring, or as soon as the frost is out of the ground, up to the middle of May, is the only portion of the spring and summer season during which strawberry plants can be set and survive. This is a mistake that ought to be corrected. Strawberry plants set at any time through the month of June will almost invariably grow more vigorously than those set earlier. The planting may be continued successfully through July and August, provided drought does not interfere.

A friend, who is the most successful strawberry culturist we have ever known, producing the finest plants and largest yield of superior berries from a given area, invariably puts in his plants about the middle of June, setting them twenty inches from each other in rows three feet apart, cutting and cultivating upon the hill principle. The Willson's Albany is his speciality and favorite, though he has other varieties, from all of which he says he can obtain at least one-fifth more fruit in quantity, and finer, larger berries by planting in hills, allowing no running, and cultivating thoroughly, than he ever could by the old practices of early planting, and permitting the plants to mat the surface, which habit he abandoned several years ago, for his present system.

The Raising of Hops.

Mr. J. L. Hersey, of Tuftonboro, N. H, sends us the following:—

"This plant requires a rich, mellow soil, which should be prepared in the following way: When a piece of land is intended to be planted, the first thing is to plough the land as deep as possible in October, and to harrow it level; it is then marked each way with a four rod chain, placing pieces of wood at every tenth link to mark the place for the hills, which make one thousand per acre. This is my method, and works admirably. But some make eight hundred, and others twelve hundred per acre. Some plant theirs wider one way than the other, in order to facilitate ploughing between the hills, instead of doing all the labor by the hoe. When the hills are marked out, holes are dug about the size of a gallon, which are filled with fine mould, and the plants placed in them. I put two plants in each hill; which I think will do better than one. When the land is planted with cuttings no sticks are required; but if nursery plants are used, they require sticks or small poles six or seven feet high the first year. In both cases the land is kept clean the first year of weeds—and I think it pays any subsequent season also. The poles should not be too long, as it is said the vines will not bear well till they get to the end of the pole. The proper time to gather them, is known by the hops rubbing freely to pieces, and the seed beginning to turn brown. About the first of September is the time generally in New England. If gathered later, the vines will bear more the next year, but the present crop will not be quite so good. Hop raising in the New England states, is not understood as it should be; but the few who go into the business, find it highly remunerative—and yet there is no little risk to run from the depredation of insects and worm, that unless checked will blight effectually the prospects of the coming crop. The way I do, is to strew ashes over the plants when the dew is on them in the morning. It will make them scatter.

Wire Worms—Experiments.

"Last July I put half a gill of spirits turpentine into a saucer—then took eight of these worms and dropped them in the same—they lived two hours and forty minutes; I put the same number in a saucer with a spoonful of salt and two of water—they died in six hours; in a spoonful of lime and two of water—they clung to life eight hours; in a decoction of sweet elder, the water boiled down one-half—they pegged out in twelve hours; in a strong solution of copperas—they lived twenty-four hours. In half a gill of spirits turpentine I added one quart of water, and soaked one quart of seed corn, and planted it through the centre of a wet piece of ground—the worms did not molest it, but the rest of the piece was literally ruined. And I think that farmers who are troubled with these pests had better try an experiment, and see if it will not save them many dollars in time and money."

Wild Plums.

There are wild plums enough in all these regions—more than enough of the kind—sour, crabbed, one-sided things with skins like a rhinoceros, pits like a peach, and the balance *worms*.

Another sort of wild plums entirely, and infinitely better, they have all along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from Spanish Peak to the parallel of forty-eight, and eastward to the Missouri River. There the wild plum is a fruit worth making the acquaintance of. But in the Crow country, along the Big Horn, and Clark's Fork of the Yellow Stone, the native plum is found in greatest profusion and best perfection. There are many varieties, two or three kinds growing considerably larger than our largest cultivated kinds. But the best are about the average size of the green gages, of many colors and shades, fair, handsome, perfect fruit, never infested with worms, thin-skinned, very sweet, and when ripe, of delicious flavor. The shrub rarely grows above six feet in height—and in the fruit season thousands of them may be seen not more than four feet in height, bending to the ground, loaded and literally covered with their luscious burdens.

They are probably the hardiest and most profuse bearers of all our plum trees, either cultivated or wild. They come into bearing in the fourth year, continue in bearing to a great age, and if when introduced eastward they shall continue to prove worm and curculio proof, they will certainly prove a valuable acquisition to our plum stock. A friend, whose home is on the Big Horn, is to supply us with young trees of different varieties and seeds, early in the fall, and we shall have pleasure in dividing with our other friends for experiment.

A New Potato Bug—Probably.

Last fall a farmer friend showed us some fine, large, late-dug potatoes that seemed badly stricken with a yellowish brown dry rot, exhibited in spots—some of them more specks, all through them. Under a glass of high magnifying power, the presence of eggs of some insect was detected in all these dry, brown spots. Having a curiosity to see what time would develope, we canned and corked tight five of the potatoes, and about two weeks since held an inquest.

The potatoes came out in appearance intact. But they were only thin shells, dry and hard, and all the interior filled with a sort of reddish dust that was literally alive with bugs. Under a glass of six diameters power the new bugs became an interesting study. They are evidently of the order of *Coleoptea* and *Silphidæ* family, which is as far as we can follow them in that direction. The body is long, depressed, wing cases longer than the body, greenish ash color, marked with three yellow diagonal bands meeting in the centre like a capital V. The legs are thick and long, thorax oval and convex above, mandibles strong, antennæ short with balls at their extremities.

They are mite monsters, attacking each other with the ferocity of tigers, fighting furiously until one of the contending parties is slain. Cannibals too; for in several instances we observed the victor deliberately dining upon the body of his vanquished enemy. We intend to watch the potato closely this year—and finding another opportunity, shall probably develope more of the mysterious bug.

Gathered Grains.

—— The Virginia crop of tobacco for last year, just coming into market, is one of the largest ever grown in that state. Somebody must have labored there last year.

—— Between war and floods lower Louisiana is made a peopled waste—agricultural industry almost annihilated.

—— Peach prospects continue as fair as ever. Cherries are going to be cheap, because plenty. Few grape vines have been hurt by frost.

——In three counties of Nebraska there is but one doctor, and his practice does not cover his $10 license and first cost of medicine. When people get old enough to die the Indians take them off. So the doctor himself writes us.

——Lettuce may be blanched and made deliciously delicate by covering it after it has made heads with damp straw, letting it remain a few days.

——Dogs killed, slaughtered, and mangled sixty-two sheep out of a flock of sixty-six, in one night, up in one of the interior counties lately. Kill, and compost the cure, we advise again. That's the only remedy. Let every dog have his day—the last one, and that speedily.

RECEIPTS.

Green Pea Soup.—Slice some young carrots, turnips, onions, celery, and cabbage lettuces, put them into a stewpan with a little butter, and some lean ham cut in pieces. Closely cover down and stew for a short time, after which fill up with a sufficient quantity of stock for the soup. Boil till the vegetables are quite soft, adding a few leaves of mint and the crust of a roll. Pound the vegetables, and the soup will then be ready for the peas. Boil a quart of peas (not very young ones) in water, keeping them as green as you can; having strained them off, pound them and mix them with the other ingredients of the soup. Rub it through a sieve, heat it, add salt, pepper, and sugar as seasoning, and throw in a few boiled young peas. Should the color not be good, it must be improved with spinach greening.

Pepper Pot in a Turkey.—Stew gently in four quarts of water, till reduced to three, 3 pounds of beef, ½ pound of lean ham, a bunch of dried thyme, two onions, two large potatoes pared and sliced; then strain it through a cullender, and add a large fowl, cut into joints and skinned, ½ pound of pickled pork sliced, the meat of one lobster minced, and some small suet dumplings the size of a walnut. When the fowl is well boiled add half a peck of spinach that has been boiled and rubbed through a cullender; season with salt and cayenne. It is very good without the lean ham and fowl.

A Nice Breakfast Dish.—Slice a few cold biscuit, or some dry, light bread; fry them slightly in a little butter or nice gravy. Beat three or four eggs with half a teacupful of new milk and a pinch of salt. When the bread is hot, pour the eggs over it and cover for a few minutes; stir lightly, so that the eggs may be cooked. This is a nice dish, besides saving the dried bread.

Fritters.—Use any kind or fruit of berry, or banana. Cut the banana in slices.

Flour, water and salt mixed to a thick batter. Beat two whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and mix with the batter. A little liquor or wine of any kind will improve it. The slices of fruit are dipped into the batter and cooked in hot fat.

Good Pastry is made with equal parts water and lard, flour mixed lightly with the lard first, and a fine potato boiled and mashed added. A slab of marble should be used to roll on in warm weather. To make pastry very nice, add to the above one egg; roll, and spread with butter three times.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Last season we partook of some delicious marmalade at a friend's house, and were informed that it was made of rhubarb. We requested the recipe, and were presented with the following, which we produce for the benefit of our readers, now that rhubarb is again to be obtained. To those that grow their own rhubarb we would say blanch it by covering over the growing plant with an inverted box, barrel, or even by shutting out the light by a frame of sticks and some straw or litter. This prevents the full access of light, the acid secretions and woody fibres of the plant are not fully formed, so that the stalks are tender and require much less sugar than if grown in the open air. They also grow more rapidly, and come on earlier. Pare and cut into very small pieces 3 pounds of rhubarb, add 1½ pounds of loaf sugar, and the rind of one lemon cut very thin and into very small pieces. Put the whole into a dish and let it stand till next day. Then strain off the juice and boil three quarters of an hour, after which add the rhubarb and boil all together ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. A little candied peel cut very thin improves the marmalade.

Polished Floors.—To polish boards in cases where oak is too expensive, the deal boards are first well planed, then a strong solution of oak dust, from sawing (or, if that cannot be procured, tan is as good) is spread over the boards, and left for, say forty-eight hours. This mixture kills all the vermin, and imparts to the floors the dark color of oak. When this is removed, and the boards are well dried, they are rubbed over with a good coating of beeswax, and afterwards rubbed with a short-haired brush. In France the person rubbing fastens the brush with a strap on the right foot; it is like a scrubbing brush. Men generally perform this duty, it being too hard work for women. If a sufficient coating of wax be applied, it need not be repeated more than once a week or fortnight. The boards can be scrubbed without wax when required; meanwhile it is rather dangerous walking for children. It is certainly both cool and clean, as fleas, &c., do not like the saturation of tan.

THE RIDDLER.

Acrostical Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 1, 18, 28, 19 26, 14, 17, 9, 39, is a county in New York.
My 2, 25, 28, is a county in Virginia.
My 3, 33, 10, 6, is a county in Iowa.
My 4, 5, 9, 19, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 5, 23, 24, 19, 9, is a county in Indiana.
My 6, 23, 1, 39, is a county in Illinois.
My 7, 4, 1, 3, 3, is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 7, 39, is a county in Missouri.
My 9, 19, 10, 15, 33, 35, is a county in Texas.
My 10, 22, 23, 24, is a county in Illinois.
My 11, 14, 25, 1, is a county in Tennessee.
My 12, 8, 19, 4, 25, 24, 24, is a county in North Carolina.
My 13, 8, 31, 31, 35, 31, is a county in North Carolina.
My 14, 7, 27, 4, 39, is a county in Virginia.
My 15, 5, 9, 19, 39, is a county in Missouri.
My 16, 1, 13, 26, is a county in Iowa.
My 17, 15, 23, 17, 9, 15, 22, 6, is a county in New Jersey.
My 18, 17, 16, 25, 25, 8, is a county in Michigan.
My 19, 8, 12, 19, is a county in Ohio.
My 20, 22, 1, 13, 5, 8, 7, is a county in New York.
My 21, 3, 9, 36, 33, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 27, 10, 3, 9, is a county in Georgia.
My 23, 19, 21, 39, is a county in Florida.
My 24, 19, 33, 9, is a county in Florida.
My 25, 8, 12, 19, is a county in New York.
My 26, 8, 31, 31, 35, 31, is a county in New York.
My 27, 33, 1, 9, 19, is a county in Tennessee.
My 28, 8, 12, 19, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 29, 5, 11, 24, 39, is a county in Georgia.
My 30, 31, 10, 36, 33, 35, is a county in Missouri.
My 31, 4, 13, 5, 11, is a county in Illinois.
My 32, 13, 17, 39, is a county in Missouri.
My 33, 13, 18, 19, is a county in Illinois.
My 34, 9, 3, 33 30, is a county in Illinois.
My 35, 33, 15, 15, 33, 10, 1, 39, is a county in Virginia.
My 36, 39, 24, 25, 11, is a county in Texas.
My 37, 33, 24 33, is a county in California.
My 38, 33, 4, 1, 10, 5, 39, is a county in Missouri.
My 39, 31, 23, 24, is a county in Arkansas.

My whole is the name and address of the author.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 16, 25, 12, 13, is a cape in Africa.
My 10, 15, 27, 26, is a desert in Asia.
My 22, 21, 14, 6, 3, is a cape in North America.
My 1, 23, 12, 27, 15 7, is a country in Asia.
My 20 13, 9 3, 17, 24, is a river in Africa.
My 15, 22, 13, 19, 5, 3, is a river in Georgia.
My 2, 24, 27, 3, 13, 4, 3, 6, is a group of islands.
My 6, 10, 26, 13, 11, 21, is a river in Ohio.

My whole is a beautiful poem by Byron.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How long must a pendulum be to vibrate seconds 6 times the earth's radius from its centre? J. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A rectangular field whose breadth is to its length as 1 is to 3, and the number of acres it contains is to its length (in rods) as 1 is to 3. Required—the number of acres in the field.

New Westville, O. W. H. SANDS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B, C, and D, have to make 6,000 rails; A, B, and C, can make them in 10 days; B, C, and D, in 7½ days; C, D, and A, in 8 days; and D, A, and B, in 8 4 7 days. How many rails can each make in a day? WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is D like a drunkard's life? Ans.—Because it ends bad.

☞ Why is Gillott accountable for much dishonesty? Ans.—Because he makes the people steel pens, and says they do write.

☞ What "bus" has found room for the greatest number of people? Ans.—Columbus.

☞ Why is a choleric man like a handsaw? Ans.—Because directly he gets hot he loses his temper.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Valentine. ENIGMA—"To err is human, to forgive is divine." DOUBLE REBUS—L. E. Cameron, Pine Grove, Pa., and W. H. Morrow, Irwin Station—(Lucknow—cannon—clam—adagio—manger—ear—Romeo—outlaw—Naomi—peat—interview—Neroli—Ellen—gallows—rampart—Omega—valet—E.—proviso—apron.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, of March 16—4 feet per second. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—1562½ and 562½ acres. W. H. Morrow; J. M. Greenwood; W. H. Sands; W. J. Barrett; Lewis Lebus; J. B. Sanders; Daniel A. Little; J. S. Phebus; and Annie K. Campbell.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM same date—27 4239 acres in the meadow; 24 7315 acres grazed over. A, recovered $49 46 E P. Norton. Number of acres in meadow—25.977+—number of acres grazed over 23.477+. Amount received by A, $40 95+. L Lebus.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of March 2nd—40.04178279 pounds. J. M. Greenwood.